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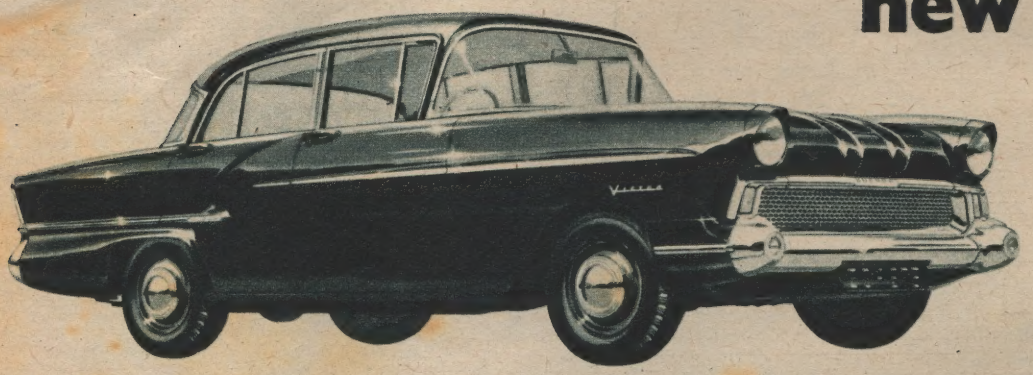

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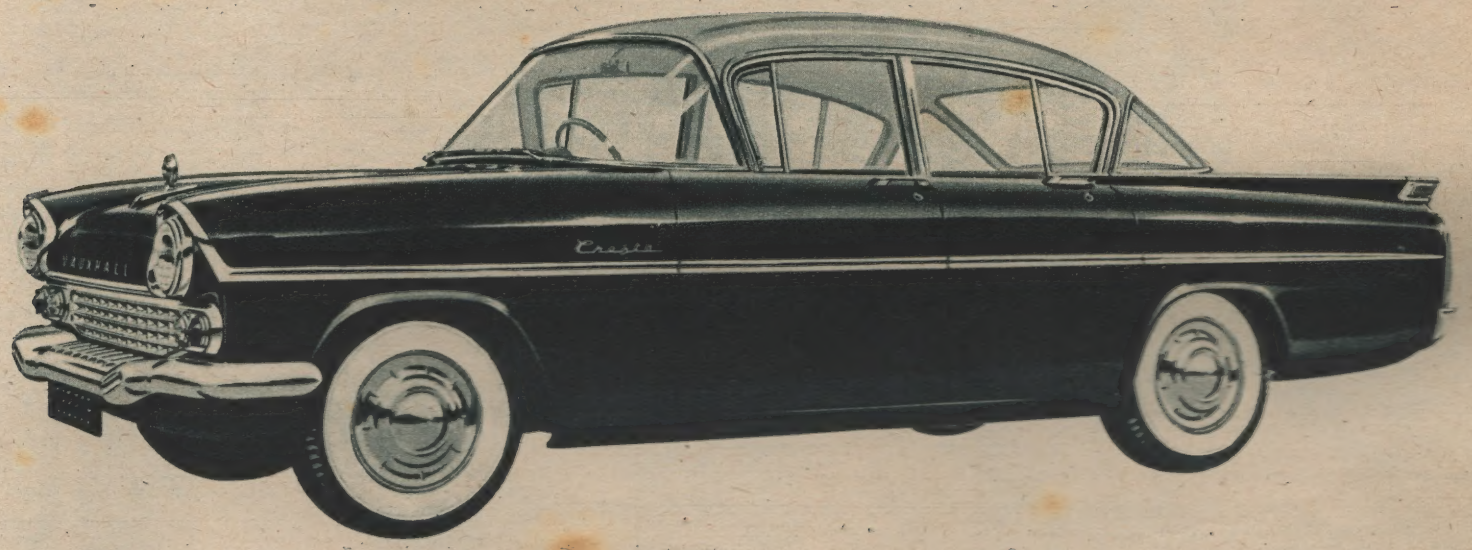

See and try them at the Motor Show

Twice this year Vauxhall has hit the headlines with an exciting new model.

First the Victor, a car with brand-new eye appeal and comfort, which was introduced in February . . . the first car in the country with panoramic vision; first in its class with all-synchro gears; first in performance, in road-holding, in safety. It created a stir. And no wonder.

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See them at the Motor Show. Take them on the road. The 1958 Victors are in your Vauxhall dealer's showroom now. The Victor £498 (+ P.T. £250 . 7 . 0). The Victor Super with its extra luxury features and choice of eight colours, £520 (+ P.T. £261 . 7 . 0). The new Velox and Cresta will be there soon. Watch out for local announcements.

Vauxhall Motors Ltd. Luton, Beds.

JOHN BULL

189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

CHANCERY 3344 OCTOBER 19, 1957 VOLUME 102 NUMBER 2677

IN THIS ISSUE

Stories

A SON FOR M'LASSA *by Victor Canning* 9
DINGO KILLER *by Edward Lindall* 16
THE BRIDE OF BRANNIGAN *by Lionel Davidson* 24

Articles

NEW DEAL FOR OUR PROBLEM CHILDREN *by Keith Ellis* 12
THEY FIGHT THE SEA FOR OIL *by Rex Grizell* 15
STARS AT ACTION STATIONS *by Peter Jackson* 17
SOCCER'S STRONG MAN DEFIES THE KNOCKS *by John Sandilands* 23

Serials

4.50 FROM PADDINGTON (Part 3) *by Agatha Christie* 20
THE SLEDGE PATROL (Part 4) *by David Howarth* 26

Features

FREE SPEECH: 4, 6. THE COVER: 6. JOKES: 30, 34, 36, 41, 42, 46. HABIT: 30, 41, 42, 45. AUTUMN, COAST TOWN: 32. A MEAL TO REMEMBER: 38. WHY?: 45.

REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Lionel Davidson. Fame came quickly—at 12s. 6d. a week

CON BRANNIGAN had to leave Ireland to go round the world in search of his bride. But Lionel Davidson, author of the story about Con that begins on page 24, had to travel no farther than from London to Ayr for his bride. It was wartime, however, and Davidson was in the navy. "In the end," he says, "I found myself transported to Australia and back before I could claim my wife."

Davidson was the youngest of eight children, and began work at the age of sixteen as office-boy on a London weekly review. Within a year he was the author of three published stories, and a guest at a literary tea-party in Bloomsbury. "Fame came quickly," he says. "By the time I was eighteen I was offered another job at twelve-and-six a week."

The war interrupted his career in Fleet Street, but he continued to write occasional stories. After the war, however, he found himself devoting more and more time to reading other people's work: for a while he was fiction editor of JOHN BULL. Then, two years ago, he decided to spend more time on his own work.

Now aged thirty-five, Davidson has acquired an interest in a new publishing enterprise. He lives at Kew, Surrey, with his wife Fay—the girl from Ayr—and his five-year-old son Philip. A walk round the nearby botanical gardens rarely fails to give him inspiration for a story or an article. But lately he has decided to curtail these walks. "Too many short stories," he says, "interfere with the novels I am trying to write." And he feels that as a novelist he owes early delivery of a book to his publisher—Lionel Davidson.

ALTHOUGH Carla Lanyon Lanyon does not recall any particular visit to the seaside which inspired her poem on page 32, she has had "going home" regrets many times at the end of holidays from the coast. "I think my poem says something that everybody has felt," she says.

Home for Carla Lanyon Lanyon is now Blackwater, near Camberley, Surrey. She has a daughter and two sons: a secretary, a parson and an artist. She was born at Comber, County Down, near the mountains of Mourne, and in that poetic setting she spent her childhood.

When she has written a poem, Carla Lanyon Lanyon puts it aside for about two months before reading it again and deciding its fate. About a quarter of her output fails to survive this test of time. With the rest she has published eight books and won many prizes. "I try to create a picture out of each poem," she says. Not only out of poems, however. As a relaxation from writing verse—"it's very hard work"—she paints.

Carla Lanyon Lanyon was encouraged to write by her mother, Helen Lanyon, the Irish poet. Many of her mother's family wrote poetry. "It seemed the natural thing for me to do, too," she says. "Not until I was older did it occur to me that there were actually people who didn't."

Top of the tipped!

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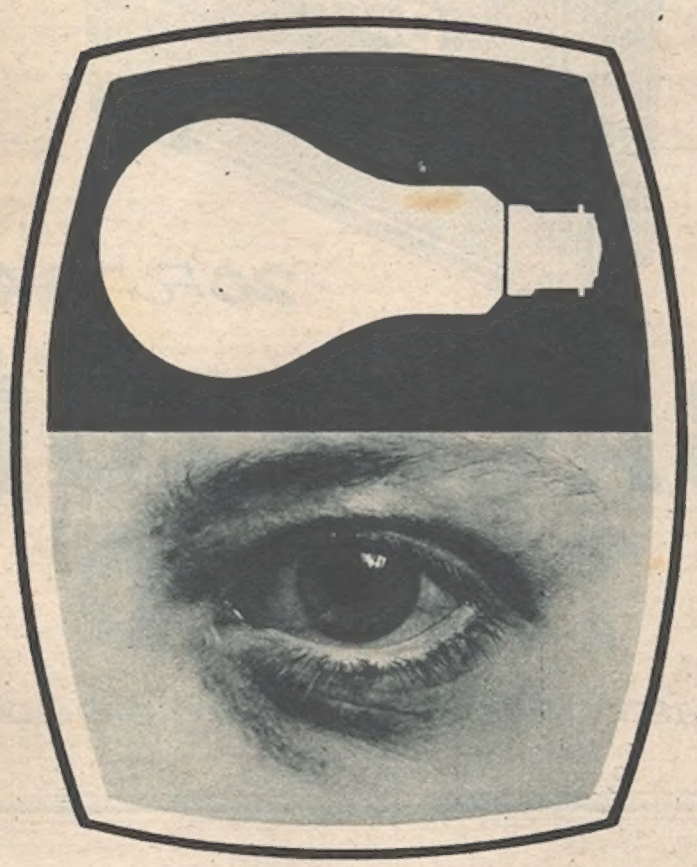

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Free Speech

- **Life among our gardening community**
- **Teaching fortitude the hard way**
- **Guy Fawkes rallies the strong arm boys**

HAVING worked for five years to move from the noise of a city flat to what I hoped would be the peace of a new suburban house I find myself surrounded by a race of fanatical weather-wise gardeners.

In the evenings and all through weekends they indulge in a feverish, apparently competitive rat race, frantically running noisy mowers over their grass or digging vegetable plots, and stopping only to lean on my fence to gasp, "Grew all our own last year, you know," and to offer a bunch of flowers as a sort of consolation for the wilderness which is my garden.

On Monday mornings they stagger exhausted down the road to work, still casting anxious glances heavenwards if it so much as promises to be a bright, blue-sky day.

After six weeks of watching this I feel I'd like to gather the suburban gardening community of Britain together, stick them feet first into the ground and let the monsoon fall upon them.—J. S., Horley, Surrey.

Arm-banded Busybodies

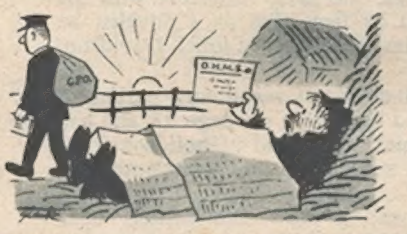
We certainly don't want arm-banded busybodies patrolling traffic danger spots in the manner suggested by Arthur Christmas, of Essex ("Free Speech," September 21). There are far too many public-spirited, enthusiastic amateurs volunteering to assert a synthetic authority at somebody or other's expense.

What is really needed is a set of rules for the behaviour of thoughtless or stupid pedestrians so that we motorists who pay for the roads can use them without even more restrictions.—T. S., Solihull, Warwickshire.

Plea For Tramps

I suppose that we have to thank the Welfare State with its rules, regulations and red tape for the disappearance of those grand old characters, the tramps. What a joy it was to meet these old rogues in country lanes, carrying their entire belongings in a grubby kerchief, always wearing a minimum of two overcoats however warm the sunshine—and always ready to spin an outrageous yarn for a shilling!

Free from all the cares and responsibilities of modern life, these doughty individualists were surely the wise men of our time.—D. MORRIS, Old Bond Street, London, W.1.



Peach Of A Tree

I was interested to read of Robert Steveny's hunt for peaches in Italy ("Gambler With Our Food," JOHN BULL, September 21) as I have often wondered why peaches are not grown commercially in Britain.

I planted a peach stone in 1940 and from the resultant tree I have had wonderful results. Our peaches are a rich yellow inside and if they are bottled they are the equal of any tinned ones from abroad. Since I have no knowledge of pruning or fertilizers it would surely be worth while for experts to grow peaches here.—MRS. D. M. SLY, Hazel Close, Whitton, Middlesex.

"Some peaches are grown commercially in this country, but mass growing is too costly because peaches need a lot of heat under glass," says a gardening expert. "Through lack of sunshine British-grown peaches are not very palatable if they are grown in the open, but you can make them tasty by bottling them with a heavy syrup."

Character From Hazard

The indignation of Mrs. N. M. Gibbs, of Devon, at good men having to risk their lives because of foolhardy rock climbers is understandable. But the alternative is a nation of mollycoddles. Did Drake never fall out of a boat or climb a cliff?

Let our youngsters learn fortitude and self-reliance by pitting themselves against the hazards of nature in healthy surroundings. That is far better than pitting themselves against each other in back streets and being a nuisance to the police and everybody else.—JASPER SMITH, Second Avenue, Wickford, Essex.

BEGINS NEXT WEEK

A soldier with the Arabs

by SIR JOHN GLUBB

For The Fifth

A few months ago a "Free Speech" correspondent was finding it difficult to dispose of an old mattress. She would have no problem now that November 5 is approaching. Any miniature male aged between eight and thirteen would gladly remove it for his bonfire to beat all bonfires.

Each year before the Fifth I am greatly amused by the sight of small boys, who normally return exhausted if sent to buy two pounds of potatoes, cheerfully carrying loads which strong men would hesitate to tackle.—MRS. K. M., Bristol.

Price Of A Mission

The churches have missions in districts like Hoxton and Bermondsey, but not, apparently, in Mayfair or Kensington. Why should it be supposed that the inhabitants of so-called "poor" districts are more in need of "saving" than those of fashionable ones?—H. COHEN, Alkham Road, London, N.16.

"It isn't," says the Church Union. "Most of these missions were established before the first World War in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

Blow that winter wind! But it's not half so unkind when you wear a raincoat made of Acrilan blended with worsted. It's tough, this new acrylic fibre, yet keeps you looking something of a dandy in rough weather. You'll find raincoats with Acrilan warmer, lighter, soft-feeling and very comfortable. They do not easily crease, are easily cleaned, and need far less brushing and pressing. Like all men's clothes made with Acrilan, they are a time-saving answer to busy life.

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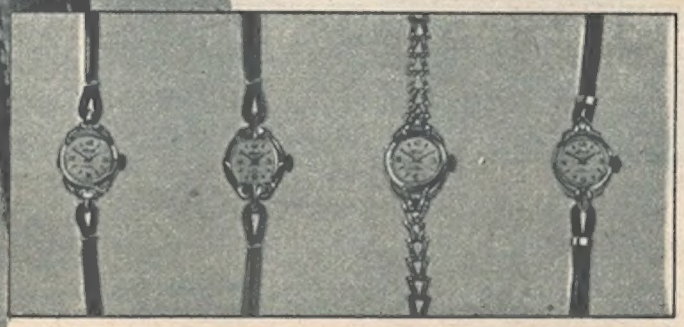

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Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

districts which couldn't then afford to support churches and clergy of their own. The money came from churches already established in better-off districts nearby."

Bone Idle Butchers

It is true that Continental butchers sell meat already boned ("Free Speech," August 10) but this is far from true of America. Meat is sold there *with* the bones, and it is fairly dear. It can also be bought already boned, but like that it is very expensive.

Most boned meat is already cut and packaged in heavy plastic, frozen stiff and with the weight and price marked. No more can one see it closely enough to determine its fat

content, poke it to test its consistency, or tell whether the butcher's thumb was involved in the weighing.

Usually the packages contain two or four chops, never three or five. One can, however, telephone a butcher who will hack a slab from a whole carcass on request.—MRS. HILDUR HOWE, 26th Street, Sacramento 16, California, U.S.A.

"Refrigerators are as common in America as cooking stoves in Britain," says an American housewife. "Nearly half of them have deep-freeze compartments, and those of us with big deep freezers find that the cheapest way to buy meat is by the carcass, which the butcher cuts up in any way we choose. Our steaks are generally about two shillings a pound cheaper than in Britain, although New Zealand lamb costs twice as much. But if I buy twenty-four chickens at a time for my deep freezer in America they cost only two shillings a pound."

Safety In Shetland

Most people would probably consider life in Shetland to be unbearably dull. Yet frequently when I read newspapers or listen to radio bulletins I feel that this little group of storm-swept islands is one of the safest places in the world.

Though the weather is often bad the lie of the land prevents floods; hardly anybody is killed by fire or lightning; we have no high mountains to ensnare climbers; the air is unpolluted by factory chimneys or exhaust fumes. Most important of *all*, our children can play outside unsupervised without fear of murderous assault, because serious crime is unknown here; death on the roads is non-existent and children soon learn to respect the relentless sea and are therefore seldom drowned.

Also, we have no great need for locks and bars. Dishonest Shetlanders hardly exist.—MRS. M. W. SMITH, School House, Esha Ness, Shetland.

Candle Blow-out

The use of candles for food during Antarctic expeditions ("New Glamour For An Old Flame," JOHN BULL, September 21) reminds me of an experience of my grandfather. Trapped by a fall at the colliery where he worked, he existed for a week on a diet of water and pit candle before being rescued. For years afterwards his nickname at the pit was "Dai Candles."—EMLYN GRIFFITHS, Poyser Street, Wrexham, Denbighshire.

Touching Typewriter

One unusual kind of typewriter not mentioned by Keith Ellis ("Miracle In Your Office," JOHN BULL, September 21) is the one for blind people. It is similar to an ordinary machine, but the centre key in each row is blank and has a rough surface as a guide to positioning the fingers. There is also a metal bar with braille markings for the setting of margins.—MRS. M. STANWAY, Longlands Avenue, Morecambe, Lancashire.

No Surrender Value

My new driving licence cost me fifteen shillings. Yet if I want to surrender it before the expiry date because I have sold my car or am disqualified from driving, I am not entitled to a refund. This seems to me to be still another example of "making the motorist pay."—H. F., Birmingham.

Out For The Count

I read with interest the bird article by Eric Simms ("What Is The Mystery Behind Migration?" JOHN BULL, September 21). But how did Mr. Simms manage to count 1,167 flying birds so accurately? I have seen migrating birds flying overhead in such densely packed flocks that it was impossible to see individual birds, let alone count them.—R. T. HOLT, Eaton Avenue, Allestree, Derby.

"The birds that I counted were flying in small groups," says Eric Simms, "so the number was exact. But with practice one gets to know what, for example, a hundred starlings look like and it is then easy to estimate how many blocks of one hundred there are in a closely packed flock. Experienced ornithologists estimating independently arrive at surprisingly similar results."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

SUCH nice children . . . and such angelic faces. That, anyway, is the impression those mischievous youngsters hope to give. No doubt David was all smiles before he unleashed the sling on Goliath; and who knows behind what innocent mask the Romans hid *their* catapult when it made its first appearance as an "engine of war." Well, Laurent hopes that the constable in his cover is too wily to be deceived by appearances. Otherwise his illusions are going to be shattered as quickly as it takes a stone to reach the top of the next lamp-post.

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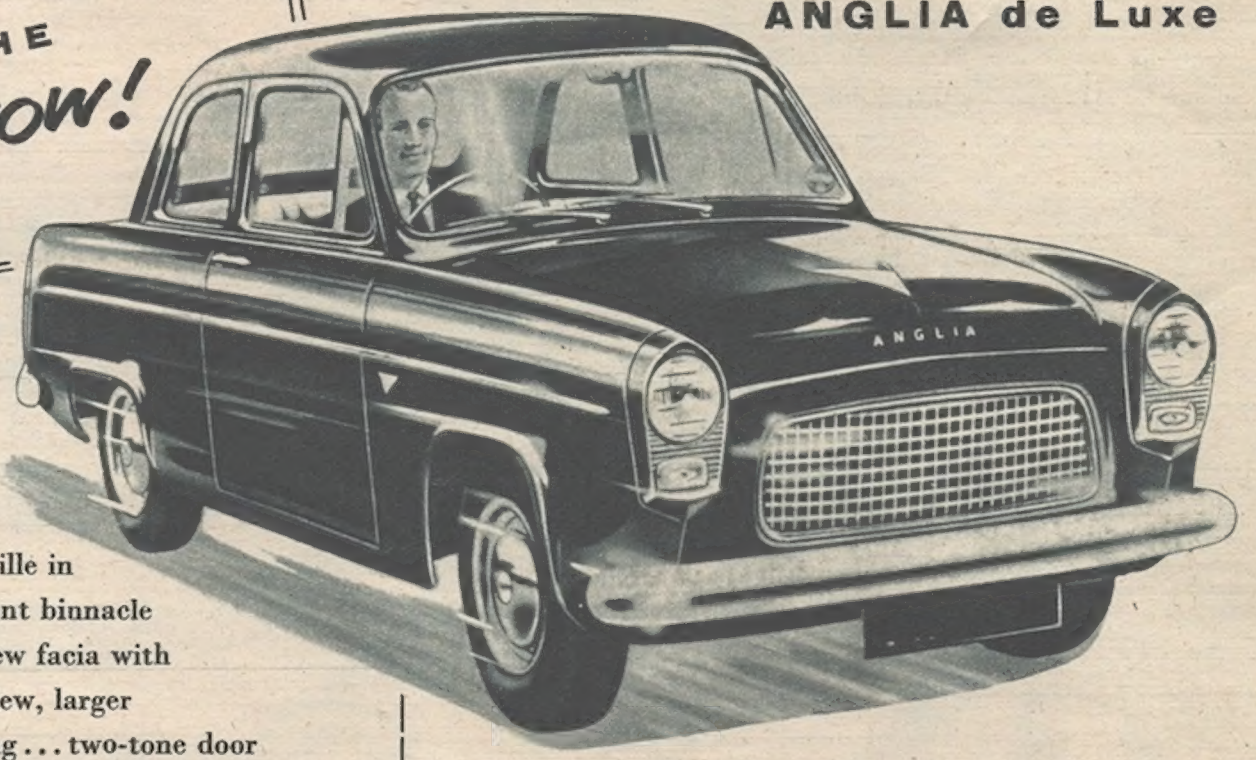

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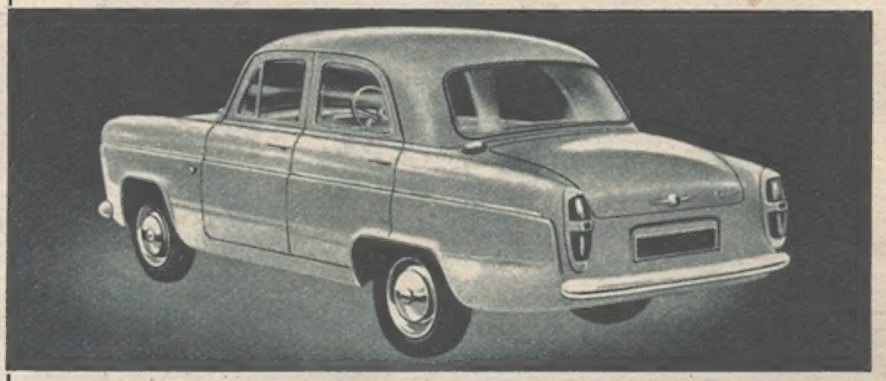

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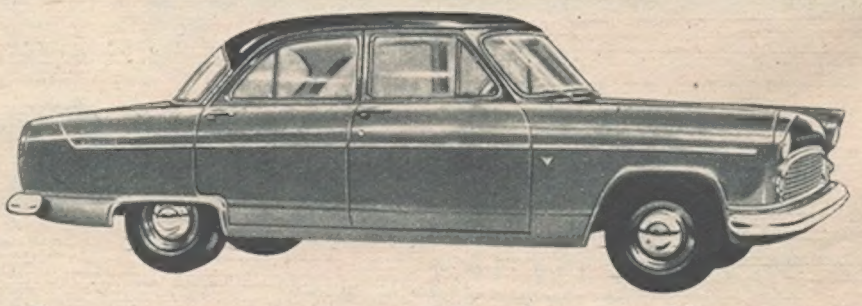

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'5-STAR' MOTORING—*THE BEST AT LOWEST COST*

FORD

Rosa twisted away from Wilson. "Now you've made me angry, you think you can charm me out of it," she said

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

A SON FOR M'LASSA

A cargo of trouble and no mistake... and Wilson had only himself to blame

by VICTOR CANNING

OVERHEAD the broad blades of the fan cut lazily through the hot night air. A lizard crouched on the veranda wall a few inches from Captain Wilson's foot. One beady eye was ruby red in the faint light that came through the bamboo curtains of the lounge of the Colony Hotel. Wilson loosened the silk scarf at the throat of his bush shirt and the movement sent the lizard darting away.

A woman came through the curtains and there was the tinkle of ice as she put a whisky glass on the table at Wilson's side. Without turning, he said: "Thank you, Rosa." His hand came out and found the glass. He took a drink, staring down across the jumbled sweep of low white houses to the River Kuna. Lying in the river mouth, just off the West African port of Ekondo, the riding lights of two coasters showed brightly through the dark night.

"Brooding again? What's eating you now?"

In Rosa Powers's voice was a touch of affection. She was a woman in her forties, attractive, a little plump, dark-haired, with gentle eyes and a firm mouth. Looking at Captain Wilson now, her eyes were full of warmth, but the mouth was set, ready to scold.

She loved him, was still a widow after ten years because he was the only man she wanted to marry, but she easily lost her patience with him. He was sitting there now, a big, sprawling man, a few years older than

herself; but for her there were times when he seemed no more than a quick-tempered, undisciplined schoolboy.

"What has the world done to you this time?" she asked teasingly and sat on the edge of the veranda.

His head came round and he gave her a grin.

"The world?" He rubbed his chin. "Not the world, but Borami. Borami!" He made the word explode. "The West African colony of Borami . . . soon to be an independent state within the Commonwealth. It's like giving a bunch of children the London Stock Exchange to run. No sense, no idea of responsibility, tell 'em something and it's in one ear and out of the other. . . . One minute they laugh and the next they cry——"

"And you love them," she said firmly. "You love them as much as you love the country. What's the real trouble?"

"I've got a cargo of cotton goods to take up to Tandeko. Leave tomorrow morning, and that blasted boy of mine has walked off. Can't make this trip, wants to stay here in Ekondo for the celebrations. I told him what I thought of him."

"I can imagine you did. You always tell people what you think of them. Up you go like a rocket. You've had ten boys in as many months. And you're still surprised you can't keep one."

"Well, I've got to get one for tomorrow."

"You'll be lucky."

"What's wrong with me?" He looked up at her, his square face pugnacious. "I pay them well. The food on the Claribelle is good."

"You frighten them," Rosa said. "You call them children. Well, children don't like to be shouted at. Oh, I know you don't mean half of it—but they don't know it. You know why you do it, don't you?"

"Oh, Lord—not that again," he sighed.

"Yes, that again," she insisted. "You don't really like being the captain of a broken-down river steamer. You don't really like living by yourself. You've got a chip on your shoulder because you've never been able to settle down. From the day you gave up being a medical student you've drifted around——"

"I know. I know. Sell the boat, marry you and come into the hotel business. Well, I'll marry you tomorrow. We could sell the hotel, buy a modern steamer and I could make a packet out of river work. This place is opening up. If you weren't so stubborn, you would see that."

"Stubborn!" Rosa stood up. "You're the stubborn one. You're a mule. You want me to shuttle about on a boat with you, or see you once every ten days between trips to Tandeko? No, thank you. When I marry I want a home, and a husband who's there most of the time."

"You call an hotel a home? Always full of other people? No privacy—you call that a life for a man? Making beds, carrying trays, dealing with complaints about the bath water, arguing with cheating native cooks."

"You're impossible," she said angrily. "All right, go and stew on the Claribelle. Go and rot on the river."

He laughed and put his hand on her arm. "Hey, don't take on so——"

"Now you've made me angry, you think you can charm me out of it." She twisted away from him. "Get back to your old boat."

"O.K.," he said easily. "I will. I'll find a boy somewhere. We'll move off at eight. Be down at the jetty with your bag——"

"If you think I'm coming to Tandeko with you, you're wrong." She felt herself more roused against him than she had ever been before.

He looked at her, surprised. "But you want to go up to Tandeko. We arranged it. I'll be there just in time for the big day when Borami becomes a state. Everyone will be there. The celebrations will be bigger than anything here in Ekondo."

"I'll go on the train."

"But, Rosa. . . ." He made a move towards her. Lordy, he thought, women were difficult. "What on earth have I done or said? You know me. I didn't mean to make you angry."

Rosa's body shook with frustration. "I'm going on the train. And what's more, I'm not going to hang around for years waiting for you to marry me. You'd better make up your mind and choose between me and a leaky old boat."

He looked at her for a moment, then shook his head, puzzled.

"All right, old girl, I'll think about it. Anyway, I'll see you in Tandeko—and in a better temper, I hope." For a moment his grin flashed at her and then he turned and walked along the veranda and down the steps.

Rosa watched him go, not trusting herself to words, even a little surprised secretly at her own strength of feeling. But after ten years it was getting too much for her. She loved him and he loved her. . . . If only he would see things her way; if only he weren't so damned pig-headed about his boat.

She heard him whistling unconcernedly to himself as he went down to the hotel garden and the sound made her feel she would burst. Men! They had to have everything their own way.

WALKING down to the port, Wilson was not really worried that Rosa wouldn't come with him. By the morning she would have cooled off and changed her mind. Just now and again she flared up like this. Had to expect it, of course. Stuck in that hotel, things got on her nerves from time to time.

Well, one day she'd come round and see things his way. At the moment his real worry was a boy for the Claribelle. He had a big cargo of cotton goods aboard already, and a Greek merchant, Mendoris, was going to travel up with him to Tandeko, the capital of Borami. Mendoris had a couple of native boys, but they were flashy, smart types, not the kind who would take easily to stoking and cutting wood. But if he didn't get a boy they would have to help. Do them good. Take the creases out of their cheap city suits.

As he turned on to the jetty, the warm, damp smell of the river came up to him. The Claribelle was lying alongside.

She was a crazy old tub, no getting away from that. Fifty if she was a day; wood-burning, single stack, and a wheelhouse that looked like a sentry box. He could just find enough room in it to sling a hammock.

There was plenty of life in her yet. With a new boat, though, he could cut two days off the five-day trip to Tandeko; quicker trips, more cargo, fatter profits. Rosa ought to be able to see that. . . .

A figure sidled out of the shadows cast by a pile of wooden crates and stood respectfully in front of him. He was a native boy in his twenties, tall and very thin, with a large head that looked too heavy for his neck. He smiled and said: "Me, M'Lassa, Captain. Make very good boat boy, cut wood, fetch and carry, very strong, very cheerful."

Wilson said nothing for a moment. M'Lassa wore cotton slacks and a singlet. He looked cheerful all right, but not very strong. Still, he was in no position to pick and choose boys at the moment.

"Do you really want to work, or just to get up to Tandeko for the celebrations?" he growled. If M'Lassa was looking for an easy trip to Tandeko, he'd better put it out of his mind.

"Both, Captain. Born in Tandeko. M'Lassa go back for celebrations, but also work."

"All right. But you listen, M'Lassa. When I take on a boy, I expect him to work. No loafing about, no stealing. Be aboard at six tomorrow morning."

"Captain mind if M'Lassa sleep aboard tonight?"

"If you want to. You can have the after-hold. Plenty of room there."

"Thank you, Captain."

Wilson dropped aboard and M'Lassa followed

"Captain . . ." the voice said again. Wilson

him. Well, he'd found a boy—what there was of him.

It just showed there was no need ever to worry. Something always turned up.

M'Lassa disappeared aft and Wilson went forward. An awning had been rigged up in the bows for Mendoris and his two boys. The two boys were not there, but Mendoris was sitting on a roll of blankets smoking a cigar. He was a small, stocky man, his black hair greased back. He was wearing a linen suit.

He ducked his head at Wilson and said: "My boys are off in the town somewhere—but once I've got my stuff aboard I like to sleep with it. This country's full of thieves. Got yourself a boy, I see."

"He'll do," said Wilson. "You're new to these parts, aren't you?"

Mendoris nodded. "Belgian Congo. But this is the coming place. Once these boys begin to run their own affairs, there's money to be made. You're sure you'll get to Tandeko in time for the great occasion?"

"Why not?" Wilson had seen the man's glance

looked sideways. It was Mendoris. He had stepped inside the wheelhouse, and in his hand was a gun

going over the Claribelle, and he was quick to resent any slur on his boat.

"Don't be touchy, Captain. It's just that I want to catch the market up there . . . place full of people, easy to sell anything."

"We'll be there. . . ."

They were away by eight o'clock, but Wilson was not in the best of tempers. To begin with, Rosa had not appeared. He had been looking forward to taking her up to Tandeko and he was disappointed and angry with her for making so much of a few words. Both of them spoke their minds at times, but it wasn't like either of them to carry it on too long. Well, let her go by train.

M'Lassa didn't improve his temper by demonstrating within ten minutes that he knew nothing about boats and was as clumsy as an elephant. He dropped the stern warp overboard as they drew away from the jetty, and only a warning bellow from Wilson saved it from being twisted round the propeller.

Then at midday they tied up alongside the bank and M'Lassa was sent ashore to cut wood for the stokehole. Before Wilson realized what he was doing, M'Lassa had the after-deck stacked with green, hard wood that wouldn't burn in a volcano. They wasted three hours.

They spent the night alongside the bank. The river was wide and fast and too difficult to navigate in the dark. The next day M'Lassa was a little better, but he had a genius for tripping over ropes, spilling anything he carried and, unless he was shouted at, he let the furnace go low.

He also had the appetite of a horse and made enormous inroads on the Claribelle's provisions. By the end of the second day Wilson's voice was hoarse from shouting at him and he could cheerfully have tossed him to the crocodiles.

As Wilson was smoking a cigarette before he turned in, Mendoris came aft to the wheelhouse and joined him. The Greek produced a whisky bottle and two glasses.

"You need this, Captain," he said pleasantly, "to preserve your sanity. That boy of yours is the world's prize idiot."

"He gets the sack at Tandeko," said Wilson.

"They're all the same," said Mendoris. "Borami will be a mess when they begin to run it themselves. They'll all be in the hands of a few hotheads and fanatics. Nationalise everything, half-baked ideas . . . running before they can walk."

He filled Wilson's glass and they drank together, and with the whisky inside him Wilson felt better. The river ran peacefully by; the fireflies danced under the overhanging trees. . . . He loved these nights, loved the river and the Claribelle. Who would want to give it all up to run an hotel?

By now Rosa would have got over her anger with him. Tomorrow she'd take the train for Tandeko. Well, she was travelling in style, anyway. The future President of Borami and a visiting English royal personage would be on the train —all going to Tandeko. . . .

The next day things went more smoothly, and the Claribelle picked up some of the time she had lost. Just as dusk was coming down they dropped anchor close to the bank, out of the main current.

They were about two miles below the spot where the single-track Ekondo-Tandeko railway line crossed the river by a wooden bridge. In a few hours, thought Wilson, Rosa would be passing over the bridge in the train. Down here he might just hear the whistle of the train for the bridge.

He leaned against the wheelhouse, smoking and thinking about Rosa. In the bows, Mendoris and his boys were eating, grouped closely in the shadow of the awning.

Wilson heard the pad of bare feet on the deck behind him and turned to see M'Lassa.

"Supper ready yet, M'Lassa?"

"Not yet, Captain. Pretty soon now. . . ."

M'Lassa hesitated and in the dim light Wilson saw that the incorrigible smile had gone from the boy's face. He looked scared and nervous.

"What's the matter, M'Lassa?"

"Captain Wilson . . . terrible thing. Very important to M'Lassa."

"What's terrible?"

"About baby, Captain. . . ." M'Lassa's hands fluttered like bats in the darkness.

"Baby!" Wilson exploded. "What the hell's this about a baby?"

"M'Lassa's baby, Captain. Captain . . . you promise not to be angry. Hurt M'Lassa much when Captain angry. Hurt him right down in here. . . ." A dark hand rested for a moment on M'Lassa's heart.

"I'll hurt you—but somewhere else if you don't come to the point. Don't tell me you've got a baby on board!"

"Not yet, Captain. But he come." Momentarily M'Lassa's smile beamed. "He come, Captain. He come before time. M'Lassa very happy about baby, but unhappy about wife."

"Wife? Baby?" Wilson grabbed M'Lassa by the shirt front and shook him. "Do you mean you've got your wife on board? Is that it?"

"Yes, Captain . . . baby come soon. Wife in great pain . . . M'Lassa anxious for wife to have baby in Tandeko. . . . But no money to get there, so put wife in after-hold."

"You mean your wife's been living in the after-hold these last three days? You damn black rascal!"

"Wife very happy there, Captain . . . no trouble to captain. No trouble to me. I do work like good boy. Wife has mother-in-law to look after her."

"Mother-in-law! Mother-in-law!" Wilson roared. "How many more of your blasted relations have you got aboard, taking your mind off your work?"

For a few moments Wilson let M'Lassa have a blistering catalogue of his deficiencies and enormities. Mendoris and his two boys came aft to see what the trouble was.

M'Lassa, screwing up his courage, said: "Five miles up river, Captain, is mission settlement. Good doctor and little hospital. M'Lassa's wife

Continued on page 45

NEW DEAL FOR OUR PROBLEM CHILDREN

Last-chance bargaining with first offenders is keeping their records clean—and cutting down delinquency

by KEITH ELLIS

Bernice Swanson and David McCallum in *Violent Playground*. This new film about delinquents and J.L.O.s was made with police co-operation

As often happens, the girl and boy were both from good homes. The girl's father gave her almost everything she wanted. The boy was in the fourth form of the local grammar school. Yet when Detective-Sergeant James Turner called on them, he knew that their names and addresses had been handed in by a Liverpool store supervisor. They had been caught stealing a necklace.

Turner, whose craggy features belie a deeply sympathetic nature, questioned them in front of their parents. Thoroughly ashamed of themselves, both children admitted the offence. Turner then asked why they had done it. They said that it was because they had no money to buy the girl's mother a birthday present. Tempted, the boy had sneaked the necklace off the counter and the girl had hidden it in her handbag. Turner said that he would report the facts to the Chief Constable.

For two days, both families wondered anxiously whether the children would have to go to court. But Turner was no ordinary detective. He was one of Liverpool's fifteen Juvenile Liaison Officers, and he recommended that the children, who had not previously committed an offence, be dealt with under the J.L.O. scheme. When the Chief Constable gave his consent, Turner saw the children again.

"First, I cautioned them," says Turner. "I impressed on them the seriousness of their crime; told them that they had brought disgrace upon their parents and on their school, and that if they were ever in trouble again they would go straight to court."

When he went on to suggest a period of supervision, their parents readily agreed. With the children's knowledge, he talked to their head teachers and vicars and asked the leader of their youth club to take a special interest in them. For three months, he paid regular visits to their homes.

He then decided that the shock of being found out and the close supervision had done their work. "I know," he says, "that neither will do anything like that again."

So far he is right. The girl is a trusted private secretary. The boy is a student at Liverpool University.

Detective-Chief Inspector Norman Cottam, head of Liverpool's Crime Prevention Department, which runs the J.L.O. scheme, says: "The idea is to make children realize the seriousness of what they have done without taking them to court and giving them a record for life. The J.L.O. aims to get the children's trust. He becomes their friend, helper and adviser. He sets them on the road to becoming law-abiding citizens."

Results are good. Up to the end of 1956, 4,885 children had been dealt with. To date, only 429 have committed a further offence. The deterrent effect is even greater. A store supervisor recently said: "We used to be overwhelmed by juvenile shoplifters. Since the scheme started, the number has dropped sensationally." Last year's total prosecutions in Liverpool's juvenile court were the lowest for twenty-three years.

The scheme has attracted world-wide attention. Visitors from a score of countries have studied it in Liverpool. In 1955, Sir Charles Martin, Liverpool's Chief Constable, explained it to the United Nations Congress on the Prevention of Crime and the Treatment of Criminals. Leeds, Huddersfield, Birmingham, Dudley and Greenock Borough have instituted similar schemes.

Turner starts by finding out everything he can about the child's life and habits. Sometimes, this knowledge pays off unexpectedly. One boy

Detective-Sergeant Turner devotes his spare deputized for a headmaster who fell ill

Headed by Detective-Chief Inspector Norman Cottam (centre) the J.L.O. squad helped to make Liverpool's juvenile prosecution rate the lowest since 1933

who had entered the scheme after robbing a gas-meter, ran away from home. Hoping to find a clue to his whereabouts, Turner checked through his case-notes. A few weeks before, the boy had said he was fond of visiting a certain cinema in the centre of the city.

On chance, Turner went straight to the cinema and waited outside. Within an hour the boy appeared. "He'd worked in the market and eaten in snack bars," says Turner. "At night, he'd slept in the back-entry of a shop. I scolded him and took him home."

When necessary, Turner calls in other organizations, such as the Children's Department, the N.S.P.C.C. or the Family Service Unit. Because the boy was on bad terms with his step-mother, Turner had already persuaded the Church of England Moral Welfare Society to find him a place in a home. The Society now agreed to speed up the process. Once admitted, the boy quickly settled down.

To be eligible for the scheme, children must be under seventeen. They must admit the offence, which must be their first, and their parents must agree to co-operate with the police during the period of supervision. Also, the offence must be a minor one such as petty theft, gambling or setting fire to a pillar box. Breaking and entering is considered too serious.

Turner helps boys according to their individual needs. He finds jobs and gives advice on careers. When boredom and bad company are at the root of the trouble, he usually introduces the boy to a youth club. But when a retiring type of boy expressed an interest in birds, Turner advised him about books to buy and arranged for an experienced bird-watcher to take him out on expeditions.

Sometimes the impulse that drove the child to crime can be diverted into useful channels. Recently, householders complained that bottles of milk were disappearing from their doorsteps. Police soon discovered that the culprit was a nine-year-old girl. Miss Nan Burch, one of the two women J.L.O.s, took over the case.

"I found that this little girl had been worrying about the stray cats in the neighbourhood," says Miss Burch. "She hadn't enough money to buy them milk so she stole it and put it out in saucers." During the period of supervision, Miss Burch introduced her to the local R.S.P.C.A. and the girl was able to join a voluntary scheme whereby children helped in the kennels at weekends.

One fifteen-year-old schoolgirl was completely out of control. Miss Burch talked to her widowed mother and head-teacher and discovered that she resented having to remain at school when her contemporaries had taken jobs. "There seemed to be no point in her staying on," says Miss Burch, "so I suggested that she be allowed to leave. I found her a job in the factory where her father had worked. She then had his reputation to live up to."

Often, the work requires tact. The headmaster of a junior school once asked Miss Burch to investigate the home background of a nine-year-old girl who had been inexplicably pilfering.. She discovered that until eighteen months before, the girl had been an only child. But since then a new baby had been taking up more and more of her parents' attention.

Tactfully, Miss Burch suggested that the parents should make more fuss of the nine-year-old. Gradually, the child's conduct improved. The pilfering had been a recognized symptom of her feeling neglected.

Over the years, J.L.O.s have come to play a key rôle in Liverpool's youth organization. Like his colleagues, Turner gives talks to schools, youth clubs, churches and societies. Membership of five youth club committees, five welfare committees, and one playing field committee keeps him out until eleven o'clock at least two nights a week. He also runs his own scout troop.

Not surprisingly, parents, teachers and youth leaders often call in J.L.O.s voluntarily when they see a child on the point of going wrong. Last year, 136 of these "potential delinquents" were supervised and another 352 given "words of warning or advice."

Early contact with the police sometimes keeps a child out of trouble. One woman J.L.O. was interviewing a thirteen-year-old girl who had been unruly in school. Noticing that the girl's fingers were heavily stained with nicotine, the J.L.O. asked where she had been getting her cigarettes. The girl said that a man in the next street had given them to her.

So the J.L.O. decided to make further inquiries. She found that the same man was regularly supplying other young girls. "Fortunately," says Cottam, "nothing had yet

time to youth clubs. A colleague once before taking a school party abroad

Miss Nan Burch (left) collects names of juvenile shoplifters taken by a supervisor at a local store

Begins next week . . . the startling record of how the Nazis stole our wartime secrets

Hitler's spy chief Erwin Lahousen gave evidence against the Nazis at Nuremberg. His diary is the source of John Bull's dramatic series

FOR a few sensational minutes the Nazi leaders on trial at Nuremberg listened in stunned silence to the evidence of a slight, grey-haired Austrian aristocrat.

Then, as General Erwin von Lahousen, a chief in Hitler's secret service, stepped from the witness box, Goering exclaimed angrily to Ribbentrop: "That's another of those we forgot to hang."

For five years of the war, and before it, Lahousen controlled a network of German spies, and was one of the most cunning brains in the cloak-and-dagger world of international espionage. For all that time he kept a diary, a day-by-day record of the daring exploits of his organization. From it comes the amazing story of . . .

HITLER'S SPIES IN BRITAIN

ERWIN LAHOUSEN was a loyal German but no Nazi. It was he who, with Admiral Canaris, chief of German counter intelligence, helped to plan the "Valkyrie" series of plots—nine abortive attempts on Hitler's life which culminated in the famous assassination conspiracy of July 20, 1944. Canaris was arrested and hanged in the most brutal manner. Lahousen, too, was seized by the Gestapo but managed to survive until British troops captured him.

So startling were his revelations at the Nuremberg trial that an M.I.5 major flew specially from London to interrogate him. Lahousen knew more about German spies in Britain than anybody. He said little. Not a word did he mention about the existence of his diary, the fascinating document that recorded all his startling achievements in stealing Britain's top secrets.

It was after he had been released from detention, when he had settled in retirement in the mountains of Tyrol, that Lahousen showed the diary to Gunter Peis, a young Austrian reporter whom he had met at Nuremberg.

The diary, one of the most extraordinary records to survive Hitler's defeat, gives the full, gripping account of how Lahousen built up a spy ring in Britain, how his agents were smuggled into the country, and how they sent back to Germany information that might well have cost Britain the war. And it tells also of their grim, cunning battle with the men of M.I.5, the dangerous trial of wits in which one mistake meant death.

Lahousen made one condition in opening his diary to Peis. To safeguard his former officers and spies he insisted that nothing should be published until Germany and Austria were sovereign states.

Now the diary's secrets can be published and the full story revealed of the astonishing missions which Lahousen devised.

"Hitler's Spies In Britain," brilliantly written by Charles Wighton and Gunter Peis, is a startling revelation of the work of German secret service agents. Appearing before book publication, it will begin in JOHN BULL next week as an eight-page extra.

AND...A soldier with the Arabs

SIR JOHN GLUBB's own account . . . the dramatic story of a man whose dismissal brought new turmoil in the Middle East

happened. He was just laying ground-bait. We sent a detective along to frighten him. After that he gave us no more trouble."

The J.L.O. scheme was devised by Sir Charles Martin. In 1949, Liverpool had so much juvenile delinquency that the court was sitting every morning, most afternoons and sometimes Saturday morning as well. More than forty per cent of the children dealt with had records.

Sir Charles detailed two sergeants to make a report on juvenile crime. "We found that we didn't even know how much there was," says Cottam. "Often store and warehouse owners recovered their property and chased off the children without reporting them. This was serious because it made the children think that they were getting away with it and they continued to steal. By the time they eventually came to court, they were confirmed little thieves."

After a pilot scheme had proved successful, male J.L.O.s were attached to all divisions and two women were assigned to look after the girls. Store owners promised to help by reporting all juvenile shoplifters. The J.L.O.s were all volunteers, selected chiefly because of their interest in youth work. They were given detective rank but had strict orders to refer anything requiring criminal investigation to the C.I.D.

Each J.L.O. supervises an average of fifty children for periods ranging from three months to two years according to the needs of the case. Of all juveniles now committing crimes in Liverpool, more than a third come under the scheme.

Relations with the city's probation office are good. John Wolfenden, principal probation officer, says: "The J.L.O.s deal with children *before* they come to court. We only get them afterwards. Their work is primarily prevention while ours is cure and, like the old saying, prevention is better than cure."

Turner, who previously worked in C.I.D. headquarters, admits to occasional failures. One boy of thirteen who had been caught shoplifting was improving rapidly under supervision. Then a boy in the same street came home on leave from approved school and mustered his old gang. The boy under supervision was dared into joining and, a few days later, was caught breaking into a warehouse. "It was hard luck for him," says Turner, "but we don't give a second chance. He went straight to court."

But the successes have been striking. One girl who had been caught shoplifting handed in to her headmaster a ten-shilling note which she found in the street. When a boy who had been sent to an approved school for a second offence came home on leave, two other boys under supervision insisted on taking him to the J.L.O.'s home one Sunday afternoon to apologize for letting him down.

PERHAPS the case which has given Turner most satisfaction is that of a boy with curvature of the spine who was playing truant from a grammar school. Turner found that his home consisted of two bedrooms and a kitchen. The ceilings of both bedrooms let in the rain, and in winter the family of five ate slept and enjoyed their leisure in the kitchen.

The combined noise of a wireless and a new baby made it impossible for the boy to do his homework. At the same time, his unemployed father was unable to buy him a school uniform. He was the butt of both masters and boys.

Turner found a welfare organization which fitted him out with school uniform and then persuaded him to have hospital treatment for his spine. When the boy came out, Turner gave him the use of a room in his own house from seven to eleven, two nights a week, for several years, so that he could do his homework.

"The boy," says Turner, "is now well on his way to getting his degree at Liverpool University." THE END

With a gravimeter engineers hunt for oil in the Persian Gulf. Oil companies are spending millions of pounds a year surveying and drilling for oil under the sea

John Thistlethwaite survived when a storm hit an oil-drilling rig—and wrecked it in half an hour

They fight the sea for oil

by REX GRIZELL

In the frenzy to tap new fields men brave sharks, endure scorching heat and risk death in tropical storms

WHEN dawn broke over the Persian Gulf on Boxing Day last year, the sea was calm. Captain John Thistlethwaite, marine superintendent for the Shell Company of Qatar, prepared to move a two thousand ton "island of steel" across fifty miles of open sea. Tow conditions seemed perfect.

The £1 million steel island had two decks, a helicopter landing platform, a 125-foot steel derrick, and all the machinery necessary to drill an oil well beneath the sea. It was manned by thirty technicians and more than two hundred Indians and Arabs. The structure stood on eight retractable steel legs reaching down through fifty feet of water to the sea bed.

In order to move it Thistlethwaite, a bulky six-foot Liverpudlian, had first to manoeuvre two one thousand ton pontoons between the legs and beneath the lower deck of the drilling platform. Then the legs could be raised and the rig would rest on the pontoons ready for towing.

By midday the pontoons were in position. As work proceeded Thistlethwaite kept his eye on the weather. He knew that the *shamal*, the cold north-west gale, could sweep out of a still sky and in less than half an hour stir up twelve-foot waves from a flat calm.

During the afternoon he noticed that there was a slight swell and that the wind was rising. But by six o'clock the wind had dropped and he decided to move off at about midnight. Soon after ten thirty the wind veered to the north-east and grew stronger. By eleven o'clock ten-foot waves were battering at the rig. "I knew then that we were in for trouble," he says, "but I didn't realize how bad it would be."

The heavy seas brought by the sudden change of wind began to lift the pontoons like battering rams against the underside of the platform, which was still standing rigid on the bottom. Steel girders connecting the pontoons to the rig were driven through the lower deck and broke it up. As this happened heavy equipment, including generators, fell through it and sheared the valves on one of the pontoons. At the same time all the lights went out, radio communication with the shore was lost, and fire broke out near the Arab living quarters.

Many Indians and Arabs seeking refuge from the fire crowded on to the helicopter platform. Soon after the helicopter took off, the platform collapsed. Three Europeans who were trying to lower scramble nets fell into the sea, and so did many workmen.

At eleven thirty, little more than half an hour after the storm started, the order was passed to abandon the rig. Some men jumped into the sea, others got down on to one of the pontoons. With great difficulty in the heavy swell and at the cost of slight damage to the tug, Thistlethwaite managed to bring one of the tugs across the end of the pontoon and take the men aboard. About forty Arabs refused to leave the rig, and were not taken off until next day. All the others were off by dawn.

At first light, smoke from the fire was rising vertically but there was still a heavy swell. More than twenty Arab workmen had been drowned when the helicopter platform collapsed, and more than forty injured. The rig was damaged beyond repair. Total damage was assessed at £900,000.

Disasters of this kind are incidental in the struggle to find new oil fields. World consumption of oil has doubled in the past ten years. The river of oil that slakes this thirst is one that political action can dam overnight. No source of supply is safe. No government wants all its oil in one pipeline, or in one quarter of the world. To meet the increasing demand, and to balance political and economic pressures, oil men are probing beneath deserts, jungles, swamps and now beneath the sea.

The men who get oil from beneath the sea are

Continued on page 42

Dingo Killer

He would buy the skill to beat this dog—even if it cost him his pride

by EDWARD LINDALL

Barham waited, and Morgan put a hand on Dan O'Halloran's arm. "You have to accept," she said

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

STANDING on the green buffalo grass lawn in front of the homestead, listening to the dry, taut note in O'Halloran's voice, Tod Barham felt swift fingers of excitement tightening his senses, but little change showed on his lean young face. In his short life he had become used to discipline.

He drifted his gaze beyond the lawn and the tree-shaded outbuildings of the homestead, traversing the sweep of mid-summer yellow plain where O'Halloran's great sheep flocks grazed and grew their weight in gold. Then he returned to Dan O'Halloran, a tall, weathered man with faded blue eyes. He forced himself to ignore the dark loveliness of Morgan O'Halloran, standing at her father's side.

"So what d'you want me to do?"

"Do?" O'Halloran's eyes flared. "I want you to kill this dingo. Trap him, poison him, shoot him, strangle him with your bare hands, if need be . . . but kill him."

Barham nodded, enjoying the novelty of their reversed positions. Now O'Halloran was asking *him* for help.

Overnight a killer dingo had somehow penetrated the station's dog-proof boundary fence and slaughtered more than eighty sheep. In the six years since his eighteenth birthday Barham had been a dogger, a dingo hunter, out in the scrub. It had been hard, dirty, lonely work, and he knew that if he softened up now he would likely be back at it again, tramping the north Queensland outlands with a set of traps, some tins of poison, and a gun. It wasn't his idea of a way to live.

"I gave up dogging two months ago," he said evenly. "I'm going to be a sheepman."

"I sent for you because you're the best dogger this territory ever had," O'Halloran growled. "That's all I know."

Barham let that pass. "A bad killer, this one," he said flatly. "Eighty-three sheep in one night. When he gets hopped up with blood, he'll really hurt you."

O'Halloran stared coldly. His mouth was heavy with contempt. "I get it," he said thinly. "The big build-up. Name your figure and we'll talk."

Barham looked away, content with the signs of tension he had observed in O'Halloran, glad of the older man's contempt because it smoothed the absurd riffle on his conscience that the girl's presence had evoked.

She was of an age with him, maybe younger, about twenty-two. Her eyes were of the darkest brown, soft, and with a disconcerting steadiness. It matched the firmness of her chin, the short straightness of her nose. But with all that there was no stolidity. An innate humour lived in the curve of her lips, and behind the steady eyes.

"Two hundred pounds if you get him within

Continued on page 46

Singer Joan Regan leaves for Hanover. Fifty shows a year go out to British forces overseas

At the height of the Korean war a helicopter took singer Carole Carr out to an aircraft carrier

Stars at action stations

by PETER JACKSON

Helping to banish the blues for our troops abroad, top-flight entertainers have braved bombs, bullets—and slashing pay cuts

DURING the build-up of British forces for the Suez landing last autumn, groups of restless Reservists began to cause trouble in Malta and Cyprus. George Brightwell, a Whitehall civil servant, studied reports of demonstrations and near-mutiny, and mentally filed them under the heading of "boredom." Then, as controller of the Forces Entertainment Service, he decided to do something about them.

Brightwell ranged all over the country to find variety stars willing to make emergency tours of the Mediterranean. Jimmy Edwards was at Bristol and offered to leave at once although it meant missing the Royal Command Performance. Jimmy Wheeler, Ruby Murray and Lester Ferguson also agreed to head hastily recruited concert parties. Within ten days, artists had assembled at Brightwell's offices, prepared their scripts, been fitted for costumes, carried out rehearsal and flown out to the trouble-spots.

Only two days before crooner Lita Roza was due to leave with a party, her co-star, Eddie Arnold, was taken ill. Brightwell knew that if he could not replace Arnold with an impressionist of similar style, the whole show would need re-moulding and fresh rehearsals. He toured the London theatrical agents without finding a suitable deputy. Then he remembered seeing a young impressionist named Tommy Locky during a talent spotting visit to Finsbury Park Empire about a year before.

He traced Locky to Glasgow and asked him to join the party. Locky wanted time to think it over. "One minute," said Brightwell. Locky agreed to make the tour and caught the next train to London. The following day he managed twelve hours' rehearsal before Brightwell put the party on a 10 p.m. aircraft to Cyprus. The flight was held up for eight hours at Malta and did not reach Cyprus until late the next night. When Lita Roza queried an instruction to be up at dawn, an officer explained that the Suez landing had been well established and the beach-head troops needed entertainment. The concert party was on the move again at 5 a.m. and a few hours later was in Egypt, starting a series of makeshift performances in dug-outs and shell-scarred buildings. Snipers provided persistent background noises and on one occasion Lita Roza's love songs and Locky's imitations were delayed as members of the audience were ambushed on the way to the concert. After three days in Egypt, the party returned to Cyprus for its scheduled six-week tour of the island.

"Our entertainment has to be as mobile as the modern army," says Brightwell, a slightly built, brisk Londoner. He is the impresario of a world-wide circuit of theatres, including a Libyan hillside, a clearing in the Malayan jungle, a marquee in Cyprus and a converted cinema in Germany. Each year, about half-a-million Servicemen see the fifty live shows sent overseas at a cost of £45,000 by his Naafi-subsidized organization.

Brightwell, who has the backing of a professional advisory committee headed by Prince Littler, will not use a variety bill of disjointed acts. He insists upon a well-balanced concert party, presenting a fully-costumed show with a continuous theme from the opening number to the finale. He also sends out West End musical comedies: *Seagulls Over Sorrento* went to Malta and *Salad Days* to Dusseldorf. The activities of the Forces Entertainment Service are as big

George Brightwell (right) gives Leslie Henson (seated) and the other stars of *Harvey* their briefing for a German tour

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now as at any time since it replaced E.N.S.A. in 1946. "The wartime soldier needed entertaining only when he wasn't fighting," says Brightwell. "In the cold war of today, boredom is the chief enemy."

The Korean war provided Brightwell with his first big test of mobility. Only a few days after British troops landed at Pusan, he and Arthur Watson, his assistant, were planning entertainment for a battlefront many thousands of miles away. Brightwell worked to recruit stars for Korea. Unable to reach Donald Peers at Newcastle by telephone he went there by express and returned on the next train with the singer, and with an air passage to the Far East already booked.

Watson soon went out to Korea to stage the first shows. Taking artists as near the front line as possible, he was disappointed to see the audiences dwindle away before the end of several evening concerts. "You should start earlier," said an Army captain. "These performances have been clashing with dusk attacks by the Chinese, and I'm afraid the men have to put the enemy first."

After Chinese artillery shelled a concert party in Korea during the autumn of 1952, Ted Ray fired a machine gun at the enemy lines when he visited troops in forward foxholes. Brightwell subsequently dealt with scores of show business inquiries about whether the incident had lost artists their non-combatant status.

"The War Office attitude," says Brightwell, "was to wish Ray good luck in his marksmanship, as entertainers have no special immunity anyway. But although I don't advise stars to look for trouble, they still run into danger."

BULLETS from a terrorist's machine gun sprayed the front of a bus taking Edna Savage to a camp in Cyprus. Two bombs were thrown at Jimmy Edwards's car when he visited the island last year. He picked himself up from the floor to find the dashboard riddled with bomb splinters. Half an hour later, he joked about the incident at his show in an R.A.F. camp.

Harry Secombe and Eric Sykes relaxed during a tour of Kenya by joining a camera safari through a game reserve. They were sitting in an open-sided vehicle surrounded by fourteen lions when their engine stalled. They were eventually pushed to safety by another vehicle, and returned to camp to discover that a native had been mauled in that district the night before.

Changing centres of international tension are always adding new place names to Brightwell's circuit. A few months ago he arranged a Persian Gulf tour for Secombe and Sykes, including a visit to the "loneliest men in the British Army." Secombe and Sykes were flown from Aden to a rough airstrip in the blistered hills along the Yemen frontier. There they joined an armoured car convoy through steep valleys to a barbed-wire compound where a small detachment holds off hostile Arab tribesmen. In a temperature of 110 degrees and under a guard of Bren guns, the two comedians gave an open-air concert on a trestle table.

Brightwell's organization was represented at Britain's nuclear tests. When security arrangements prevented him from sending artists to the first A-bomb trial in Australia, he supplied a piano for an amateur concert party assembled on the site. He recently sent a Santa Claus cloak and beard to the H-bomb task force at Christmas Island.

Brightwell travels thousands of miles to watch his concert parties in action. Visiting Malta in October, 1952, to watch Laurie Lupino Lane and Barry Lupino in *Me And My Girl*, he was called from his seat just before the curtain went up. He was taken backstage and asked to play the part of the butler as one of the cast was missing. Brightwell duly appeared, stumbled through his lines and thought himself lucky that the troops did not take his own advice—shortly before, he had urged Service audiences to barrack any act which they did not enjoy. During a tour of military theatres in Germany, he heard that National Servicemen were threatening to boycott his shows because they had to pay to go in. He visited the camp and explained that without box-office receipts the shows would be too costly to send out from London.

"Paying for your ticket should make it more like a real theatre visit back home," he said. "And as cash customers, you can criticize anything you don't like as loudly as you want."

The troops called off their boycott and, packing the gallery, gave his show a lively reception.

Brightwell gives his artists the closest personal attention to try to compensate for the difficult conditions overseas and the low pay—a maximum of £50 a week, four shows a day, for even a £30,000-a-year Palladium star. "We usually leave at dawn and get back at midnight," says Jimmy Wheeler, "but Brightwell is always at the airport to see us off or welcome us home."

Often Brightwell wishes he could personally escort some stars all the way. After a halt at Saigon on the way to Hongkong, Frankie Howerd wandered away from the rest of the party and installed himself by mistake in an airliner about to take off for Britain. The comedian was discovered and restored to his own flight when he jokingly suggested that an energetic child on the next seat would find more room to play on the wing.

HAVING undertaken an overseas tour, Brightwell's artists sometimes perform in the most primitive circumstances. Brian Reece gave a show on a petrol-tin stage at the foot of a rocky valley when visiting troops in the Far East six years ago. The monsoon broke half-way through the programme, but Reece continued as his audience, dotted about the hillside, stripped down to underwear and sat happily in the steaming rain. When a canvas awning over the stage threatened to collapse under the weight of water, Reece borrowed a bayonet to make a small slit for an impromptu shower-bath sketch.

The audience came to Eve Boswell's rescue when she almost had to call off an open-air concert in Korea because it was too cold for her accompanist to play the piano. Engineers erected a system of piping so that hot air was carried from a kitchen stove and blown across the keyboard. The show went on, several degrees below freezing point.

"Troops always provide wonderful audiences," says Brightwell, "but there are times when we find ourselves applauding a performance by the Servicemen." When Archbishop Makarios was released from exile, one of Brightwell's concert parties, headed by Jimmy Wheeler, was in Cyprus. Triumphant Greek Cypriots, shouting Eoka slogans, uprooted roadside palm trees and used them to beat the sides of the party's coach as it drove back to a Nicosia hotel from an R.A.F. camp. Later Wheeler joined three policemen in pushing through excited crowds to visit a European night club in the town centre. The atmosphere inside the club was as subdued as the atmosphere outside was frenzied.

Then Wheeler and his companions were called to the door. A British officer had appeared on the far side of the densely packed square, holding high a large Union Jack. The Cypriots fell silent and formed a corridor as the officer, singing "Land of Hope and Glory" at the top of his voice, marched across the square and up a flight of stairs into the night club.

"For boosting morale," says Brightwell. "I don't expect any of my shows to match *that* performance." THE END

Edna Savage sang in Cyprus during recent rioting. Once, bullets from a terrorist's machine-gun hit the concert party coach

Singer Ruby Murray spent a month in the Middle East. Stars earning £30,000 a year get £50 a week entertaining troops

4·50 FROM PADDINGTON

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. PETTS

Martine's letter could be unimportant. But Emma knew her duty. She must tell the inspector . . . everything

MISS MARPLE smiled approvingly at the man from Scotland Yard—Inspector Dermot Craddock. "I'm so glad," she said, "that you have been assigned to the case. I hoped you would be. . . ."

In a way, it was gentle, elderly Miss Marple who was responsible for Craddock's presence. Some weeks earlier her friend Mrs. McGillicuddy had told of seeing a man apparently throttling a woman in a train near Brackhampton. The authorities did not believe the story, but Miss Marple did. . . . Her inquiries centred on Rutherford Hall on Brackhampton's outskirts.

Flanked by the railway, the Hall was the home of elderly Luther Crackenthorpe and his daughter Emma. Miss Marple persuaded a young acquaintance, Lucy Eyelesbarrow, to take a housekeeping post there—and to search for a corpse. And eventually Lucy found one. . . .

So far the dead woman was unidentified. The three Crackenthorpe sons—Cedric, Harold and Alfred—had come down for the inquest. They

"Why do you want to find this girl?" asked Madame Joliet with a sudden gleam of interest. "Has she come into money?"

were not on good terms with their father. Few people were. Even Emma and the family physician, Dr. Quimper, found him difficult.

In addition to the immediate family a widowed son-in-law, Bryan Eastley, was also staying at Rutherford Hall. His son, Alexander, and a school friend named Stoddart-West, had been there since Christmas. Both boys were thrilled at being in on a real murder hunt. . . .

But not everyone at Rutherford Hall shared their excitement. Emma Crackenthorpe, particularly, was troubled. Coming upon her eldest brother in the garden she confessed what was on her mind:

"Cedric, I'm terribly worried. Apparently the police think that this girl was a foreigner, perhaps French. . . . Cedric, you don't think that she could possibly be—*Martine?*"

PART THREE

Luther Shares A Secret

For a moment or two Cedric stared at Emma as though uncomprehending. Then he said: "Martine? Why on earth should it be *Martine?*"

"Well, her sending that telegram was odd when you come to think of it. It must have been roughly about the same time. . . . Do you think she may after all have come down here and——"

"Nonsense. Why should Martine come down here and find her way into the Long Barn? What for? It seems wildly unlikely to me."

"You don't think, perhaps, that I ought to tell Inspector Bacon—or the other one?"

"Tell them nothing," said Cedric promptly. "You keep your mouth shut, Emma. Never go half way to meet trouble, that's my motto."

Emma Crackenthorpe sighed. She went back to the house uneasy in her mind.

As she came into the drive, Dr. Quimper emerged from the house and opened the door of his battered car. He paused when he saw her. Then, leaving the car, he came towards her.

"Well, Emma," he said. "Your father's in splendid shape. Murder suits him. It's given him an interest in life. I must recommend it for more of my patients."

Emma smiled mechanically. Dr. Quimper was always quick to notice reactions. "Anything particular the matter?" he asked.

Emma looked up at him. She had come to rely a lot on the doctor. She said: "You remember—or perhaps you don't—what I once told you about my brother—the one who was killed in the war?"

"You mean about his having married—or wanting to marry—a French girl? Something of that kind?"

"Yes. Almost immediately after I got that letter he was killed. We never heard anything of or about the girl. All we knew, actually, was her christian name. We always expected her to write or to turn up, but she didn't. We never heard anything at all—until about a month ago, just before Christmas."

"I remember. You got a letter, didn't you?"

"Yes—saying she was in England and would like to come and see us. It was all arranged, and then, at the last minute, she sent a wire that she had to return unexpectedly to France."

"Well?"

"The police think that this woman who was killed—was French."

"What's worrying you then, is that just possibly the dead woman might be your brother's girl?"

"Yes. I'm wondering if I ought not to tell the police about—about it all. What do you think?"

"Hm." Quimper looked at her. His eyes had an affectionate twinkle in them. "I'd go ahead and tell 'em," he said. "You'll go on worrying if you don't. I know you."

Emma flushed a little. "Perhaps I'm foolish."

"You do what you want to do, my dear—and let the rest of the family go hang. I'd back your judgment against the lot of them any day. . . ."

"Girl! You girl! Come in here."

Lucy turned her head, surprised. Old Mr. Crackenthorpe took hold of her arm and pulled her inside the door and shut it. "Want to show you something," he said.

"Take a look here," Mr. Crackenthorpe told Lucy. Gold sovereigns trickled into his palm

Lucy looked round her. They were in a small room evidently designed to be used as a study but equally evidently not used as such for a very long time.

"Do you want me to clean this room?" she asked.

Old Mr. Crackenthorpe shook his head fiercely. "No you don't! I keep this room locked up. Emma would like to fiddle about in here, but I don't let her. It's *my* room. See these stones? They're geological specimens."

Lucy looked at a collection of twelve or fourteen lumps of rock, some polished and some rough. "Lovely," she said kindly. "Most interesting."

"You're quite right. They *are* interesting. You're an intelligent girl. I don't show them to everybody. And now I'll show you some more things."

"It's very kind of you, but I ought really to get on with what I was doing. With six people in the house——"

"Eating me out of house and home. . . . Leeches! All waiting for me to die. Well, I'm not going to die just yet—I'm not going to die to please *them*. I'm a lot stronger than even Emma knows."

"I'm sure you are."

"Sensible girl. Take a look at this."

He indicated a large, faded chart which hung on the wall. It was, Lucy saw, a genealogical tree.

"Descended from kings," said Mr. Crackenthorpe. "My mother's family tree, that is—not my father's. He was a vulgarian. Common old man! Didn't like me. I was a cut above him always. Took after my mother's side. Had a natural feeling for art and classical sculpture. *He* couldn't see anything in it—silly old fool. Now I'll show you something else."

He guided her across the room to an enormous piece of dark oak furniture. Lucy was rather uneasily conscious of the strength of the fingers

clutching her arm. There certainly seemed nothing feeble about old Mr. Crackenthorpe today.

"See this? Came out of Lushington—that was my mother's people's place. Elizabethan, this is. Takes four men to move it. You don't know what I keep inside it, do you? Like me to show you?"

He took a key from his pocket and unlocked the door of the lower cupboard. From this he took out a surprisingly new-looking cash box. This, again, he unlocked. "Take a look here, my dear." He lifted out a small paper-wrapped cylinder and pulled away the paper from one end. Gold sovereigns trickled out into his palm.

"I've got other things in this box, too," he said proudly. "Lots of things put away in here. All ready for the future. Emma doesn't know —nobody knows. It's our secret, see, girl? D'you know why I'm telling you and showing you?"

"Why?"

"Because I don't want you to think I'm a played-out, sick old man. I'll give you some advice. Don't throw yourself away on a young man. Young men are fools. You want to take care of your future. You *wait*——" His fingers pressed into Lucy's arm. "I don't say more than that. *Wait*. Those silly fools think I'm going to die soon. I'm not. Shouldn't be surprised if I outlived the lot of them.

"And then we'll see. Harold's got no children. Cedric and Alfred aren't married. Emma—Emma will never marry now. She's a bit sweet on Quimper, but Quimper will never think of marrying Emma. There's Alexander, of course. I'm fond of Alexander. . . . Yes, that's awkward. I'm fond of Alexander."

He paused for a moment, frowning, then said: "Well, girl, what about it? What about it, eh?"

"Miss Eyelesbarrow. . . ." Emma's voice came faintly through the closed study door. Lucy seized gratefully at the opportunity. She said: "Miss Crackenthorpe's calling me. I must go. Thank you so much for all you have shown me."

"Don't forget our secret."

"I won't forget," said Lucy and hurried out into the hall, not quite certain as to whether she had or had not just received a conditional proposal of marriage. . . .

DERMOT CRADDOCK sat at his desk in his room at New Scotland Yard, watching his visitor thoughtfully.

So he had not been mistaken. There *was* something that Emma Crackenthorpe knew—not much, perhaps, but something. And she had decided to tell him.

He said: "You have come to tell me something, Miss Crackenthorpe? Some little thing, perhaps, that you feel probably has nothing to do with the case, but on the other hand just might be related to it?"

Emma took a moment or two before speaking. Then she said: "You have seen three of my brothers. I had another brother, Edmund, who was killed in the war. Shortly before he was killed, he wrote to me from France."

She opened her handbag and took out a worn and faded letter. She read from it: "I hope this won't be a shock to you, Emmie, but I'm getting married—to a French girl. It's all been very sudden, but I know you'll be fond of Martine, and look after her if anything happens to me. Will write you all the details in my next —by which time I shall be a married man. Break it gently to the old man, won't you? He'll probably go up in smoke."

Inspector Craddock held out a hand. Emma hesitated, then put the letter into it. She went on, speaking rapidly: "Two days after receiving this letter, we had a telegram saying Edmund was missing, believed killed. Later he was definitely reported killed. It was just before Dunkirk—and a time of great confusion. There was no army record, as far as I could find out, of his having been married—but as I say, it was a confused time.

"I never heard anything from the girl. I tried, after the war, to make some inquiries, but I only knew her Christian name, so it was difficult to find out anything. In the end I assumed that the marriage had never taken place and that the girl had probably married someone else before the end of the war, or might possibly herself have been killed."

Inspector Craddock nodded. Emma went on: "Imagine my surprise to receive a letter just about a month ago, signed 'Martine Crackenthorpe.' "

"You have it?"

Emma took it from her bag and handed it to him. Craddock read it with interest. It was written in a slanting French hand—an educated hand:

> Dear Mademoiselle,
>
> I hope it will not be a shock to you to get this letter. I do not even know if your brother Edmund told you that we were married. He said he was going to do so. He was killed only a few days after our marriage and at the same time the Germans occupied our village.
>
> After the war ended, I decided that I would not write to you or approach you, though Edmund had told me to do so. But by then I had made a new life for myself, and it was not necessary. But now things have changed. For my son's sake I write this letter. He is your brother's son, you see, and I can no longer give him the advantages he ought to have.
>
> I am coming to England early next week. Will you let me know if I can come and see you? My address for letters is 126 Elvers Crescent, London, N.10.
>
> I hope again this will not be a great shock to you. I remain with assurance of my excellent sentiments,
>
> Martine Crackenthorpe.

Craddock was silent for a moment or two. He re-read the letter carefully before handing it back.

"What did you do on receipt of this letter, Miss Crackenthorpe?"

"I wrote to the address she gave in her letter, inviting her to come down to Rutherford Hall and meet us. A few days later I received a telegram from London—VERY SORRY, FORCED TO RETURN TO FRANCE UNEXPECTEDLY. MARTINE. There was no further letter or news of any kind."

"All this took place—when?"

"It was shortly before Christmas. I know, because I wanted to suggest her spending Christmas with us. But my father would not hear of it, so I suggested she should come down the weekend after Christmas while the family would still be there. I think the wire saying she was returning to France came actually a few days before Christmas."

"And you believe that this woman whose body was found in the sarcophagus might be this Martine?"

"No, of course I don't. But when you said she was probably a foreigner . . . well, I couldn't help wondering if perhaps——"

Craddock spoke quickly and reassuringly. "You did quite right to tell me about this. We'll look into it. I should say there is probably little doubt that the woman who wrote to you actually did go back to France and is there now alive and well. On the other hand, there is certain coincidence of dates, as you yourself have been clever enough to realize." He added casually: "You consulted your father and your brothers about this?"

"Yes, I did. And my brother-in-law, Bryan

Continued on page 38

Craddock pushed Martine's letter across the table. Mr. Wilborne touched it with a distasteful finger, but did not pick it up. "Quite so," he said. "Quite so"

Coolly, Edwards prevents a certain Scottish goal in last season's international. Later he scored to win the match for England

Soccer's strong man defies the knocks

by JOHN SANDILANDS

Rugged tactics and ruthless zeal make Duncan Edwards football's toughest opponent. Nothing rattles him—not even a booing crowd

THE score stood at 2-2 in the closing minutes of the European Cup semi-final between Manchester United and Real Madrid at Manchester last season when the Madrid right-back emerged from a tackle and collapsed near the touchline, bringing the game to a standstill.

With a 3-1 win on their home ground in the first leg of the tie the Spaniards had every reason to play out time. Watching the full-back, Manuel Torres, writhing theatrically the Old Trafford crowd vented its impatience in an angry roar.

Duncan Edwards, United's international left-half, a thirteen and a half stone heavyweight who has a reputation as the toughest player in soccer, took more decisive action. He pounded upfield, seized Torres bodily and with other players carried him off the pitch.

"Some of the crowd loved it, some of them thought he'd gone too far," says a witness. "Edwards just shrugged and swaggered back into the game. He'd got things moving again."

A hefty Midlander, five feet eleven tall, with massive thighs, broad shoulders and a thick neck, Duncan Edwards plays a beefy brand of football that has established him as the "strong man" of both Manchester United and England.

At twenty-one he is acknowledged to be one of the most accomplished and powerful players in Europe. His transfer value is estimated at £50,000. But his disregard for the comfort of opponents and the views of the crowd have sometimes brought him accusations of swollen-headedness and rough play.

"On several League grounds," he says, "the boos start as soon as I step on to the pitch. They go in one ear and out the other."

On the eve of last season's Cup Final, Edwards received a letter warning him to curb his vigour in the tackle on the threat of reprisals after the game.

Whatever their views on Edwards's play, football followers are forced to admit that his soccer record marks him as the most outstanding young footballer since the war.

The youngest player to appear for England—he was first picked at eighteen—he has since won fifteen full international caps and has appeared for England's "B" and Under-23 teams and the Football League.

Before he came of age this month he had won First Division championship and F.A. Cup medals. Last season he was just beaten by the veteran Tom Finney in the ballot for the "Footballer of the Year" trophy.

Edwards's team-mates frequently refer to him as "the bull" and the nickname covers both his physique and his playing style.

"Duncan practically paws the ground before a game," says Roger Byrne, the Manchester United captain and England left-back.

Byrne, who exerts a steadying influence on the youthful United, admits that he has to curb Edwards's enthusiasm for charging upfield, leaving gaps in the defence.

"Older opponents try to needle him to cash in on his impetuosity," he says. "Besides dishing it out, Duncan takes plenty of knocks himself."

Tom Curry, the United head trainer, has frequently been amazed at Edwards's ability to shrug off football injuries. In a match against Bolton last year Edwards fell heavily in a tackle and doubled his ankle beneath him.

"He got up, stamped his foot a few times, and carried on," says Curry. "At the end of the match his ankle was so swollen that the boot had to be cut away."

When United flew to play Bilbao in January Edwards, a poor traveller, was airsick throughout the flight.

"He was in such a bad way that members of the party were making bets that he wouldn't be fit to play," says a journalist who accompanied the team. "The next day he was the outstanding player on the field."

Edwards took part in ninety-five games in thirty-three weeks last season. He was still completing his National Service and played in inter-unit matches as well as internationals, First Division fixtures and Football Association and European cup ties.

The marathon included several thousand miles travelling in England and on the Continent, but critics who looked for signs of staleness had to admit that there was none.

Towards the close of the season when United had made certain of the First Division championship, the manager, Matt Busby, offered to rest Edwards for a couple of League games. Edwards turned the offer down.

"I enjoy every game," he said recently, "even when things are going badly."

By contrast with his brash manner on the field, where his abbreviated shorts and cocky walk feed the ire of his critics on the terraces, Edwards is quiet and reserved off duty. Admirers who expect a repetition of his football flamboyance are usually disappointed.

Now a well-known figure in Manchester, Edwards is frequently greeted around the city by United supporters. "He's polite," says Gordon Clayton, the reserve goalkeeper and one of Edwards's closest friends at Old Trafford, "but he rarely stops to talk."

Mrs. Gladys Faulkner, until recently the landlady of his digs in Manchester and a keen United follower, says that Edwards had a stock reply to any queries about his fortunes in a game—"Not bad."

That was his comment when he returned home from a representative game for the England Under-23s. "It was Gordon Clayton who told me that Duncan had scored a hat trick."

One of the few established United players who does not own a car, Edwards frequently cycles to the ground for home matches—a tactic that usually enables him to slip past the crowd at the players' entrance without being spotted.

He is popular with team-mates, but seldom

Continued on page 43

The Bride of Brannig

Con had found her at last, the girl of his dreams. She was slim and dark and pale—and belonged to another

BRANNIGAN came up over the mountain looking for a woman. She was a tall, slim woman with jet black hair and long pale eyes and long pale hands, and Brannigan only hoped to God she existed or he would get no peace to the end of his days.

This woman had come to torment him in his dreams for so many nights running that when he went to bed now he scarce dared close his eyes; and to do his work, a man must sleep. He had waited, sorely troubled, for the priest to pay his regular visit.

"How old are you now, Con?" the priest asked when Brannigan had told him all.

"I'm twenty-seven."

"Well, I'll tell you, Con," said the priest, after some thought. "There's a time for all things, and it's now come for you to think of marriage. You must leave home and find yourself a good woman."

Con whistled through his teeth when he heard this, although the advice was not unexpected. Then he looked up sharply: "But where in the name of God will I find this woman?"

The priest overlooked the blasphemy, for the young man was overwrought. "There are a lot of women in Ireland," he said mildly, "and most of them under thirty are looking for a husband. You shouldn't have a lot of difficulty."

So Cornelius Brannigan, called Con, put his other shirt and trousers and socks in a sack and went over the mountain to look.

On the way he met a tinker.

"Good day," said the tinker, "and where are you off?"

"I'm looking for a woman to marry," said Con. "A tall, slim one with jet black hair and long pale eyes and long pale hands. She keeps coming in my dreams."

"A dream woman, is it?" said the tinker. "Ah, well, they generally take a bit longer to find."

"Did you ever know anyone that found one?" asked Con.

"I never knew anyone that didn't, when he set his mind to it. Let the sun shine on you, then."

"Let the sun shine on you," said Con, and went on his way. . . .

He worked for a few days at a time at farms from one end of the country to the other, but nowhere did he see the woman. At last he came to Dublin. There were more women there than he could count. He walked about the streets staring at them until he tired, and he began to despair.

"Are you looking for someone?" a road sweeper asked him.

"No. That is—no," said Con blushing.

"Just in from the country?"

"I am."

Con told him from where, and the sweeper whistled. They had quite a conversation, and it seemed to Con, heartened by it, that a sweeper did not have such a bad job at all, sweeping up the streets and passing the time of day and able to look at all the women.

He inquired about the prospects of securing such employment. The sweeper directed him to the superintendent's office, and Con went there right away. The next day he was out in his brand new uniform with his own little cart.

For eight weeks Con swept the streets of Dublin, searching this way and that, both sides; but, although he saw many fine young creatures, he did not see the one he sought.

The woman had not come again in Con's dreams since the day he left home, but now one night she did. In this dream he was out with his cart when the woman came up behind him and stood the length of his broom away with her hands on her hips.

"Arra! So there you are!" Con said, lunging at her.

"Here I am," she said, jumping nimbly back. "But you won't get me that easy. Con, Con, you must look hard and long for me. There'll be no peace till you've found me."

Con hung his head and kicked his brush, for what she said was only what he knew. He said to her in despair: "But what more can I do? I've searched the land and haven't found you."

She didn't answer and, when he looked up, she had gone again. Con cursed and gnashed his teeth, and gnashed so hard he woke up, groaning and sweating. Ah, did ever a man have to wrestle with such a problem? His own words were fresh in his mind: he had indeed searched the land for her.

But now, suddenly, out of nowhere in his dark

Con did not see Shamus enter and stand glowering in the doorway. But Eileen did, and she said softly: "Tell me, Con. Whisper it in my ear"

ILLUSTRATED BY COLEMAN

an

by LIONEL DAVIDSON

room, the thought flashed into his head that there were other lands but this one; scarcely conceivable lands, across the sea.

Next day in his dinner-hour Con went to the library and looked at the papers to see what jobs were available in England. A car company near London was advertising for unskilled labour. *Call,* the advertisement said, and Con thought he might as well do that. So he took his little cart along to the depot and handed in his uniform: and, after resigning his appointment at the superintendent's office, he went and booked a ticket for England. . . .

This was the first time Con had been on a ship. He took a look round all the women just on the off-chance, but she was not there, and he sat all night with his sack on his knee, hardly able to think of the difficulties of his search.

He took the train to London, and inquired for the car company. After an hour or two of worried changing from underground trains to buses, he found the factory and was taken on.

"Have you got yourself lodgings?" the personnel manager asked.

"I have not," said Con. "I'm just in."

"Well, here is a list of addresses," the personnel manager said. "You'll find they're mostly Irish fellows staying there."

Con took the list and went to the first address on it. A young girl of fifteen or sixteen answered the door. Con stated his business and the girl called her mother, and she said they could squeeze in another if Con had no objection to sharing a bed with a young fellow from Wicklow called Shamus Flanna.

Con went up and saw the bed, which seemed sizeable enough, but hanging from the door was

Continued on page 34

THE SLEDGE PATROL · 4

Marius risks death for an enemy

by DAVID HOWARTH

He felt he had played Ritter a dirty trick—and must atone for it. So now he turned back from freedom . . .

WHEN Marius Jensen left, Lieutenant Ritter sat alone by the stove in the house at Mosquito Bay. All will to any action was drained out of him, all his hope was gone and yet, strangely, he felt at peace.

In his military tasks, as naval officer in command of a small German party that had invaded the remote, isolated east coast of Greenland, Ritter had got into difficulties. Throughout the winter of 1942-43 his men had radioed vital weather reports to the U-boats hunting in the Atlantic, but in the spring they were discovered by the fifteen-man sledge patrol which Eske Brun, Governor of Greenland, had set to watch that frozen, desolate coast.

In the strange war that followed, the Germans equipped with their machine guns easily beat the hunters with their rifles. They won every encounter.

They burned down the Danish weather station at Eskimoness. They killed one hunter, captured two more, and were now about to attack the second Danish station at Ella Island, farther south.

But Ritter, already deeply suspected by the Nazis of his party, led by a fanatic called Schmidt, had been weak enough to allow Marius, his prisoner, to turn the tables on him, and escape to warn Ella Island of the impending German attack.

Marius did not waste any time in harnessing his team, and gave Ritter not the slightest chance to fight. Ritter watched him, with his eight splendid dogs, driving down to the ice and out across the open bay—which Marius had earlier told the Germans was dangerous. Ritter had not the slightest doubt that Marius would get to Ella first and warn its garrison, or that when the German party arrived at the end of its longer, slower journey, it would find an ambush waiting. What would happen? The Germans were much better armed than the Danes, and would probably fight their way out again; and Schmidt at least would never believe that Ritter had not planned to get him killed.

It would appear as high treason and attempted murder.

Yet Ritter felt peaceful. He had thought himself responsible for the death of Eli Knudsen, the sledge patrol man who had been shot. But he was innocent of plotting the death of Schmidt. He was prepared to be accused of trying to murder Schmidt, and prepared to be condemned for it, and to accept his punishment as expiation for the death of Knudsen.

He felt peaceful also because there was nothing left for him to do. Marius had taken the sledge

"Get your clothes," said Marius. "We're going

and the rifle and the revolver. There was plenty of food of limited kinds in the house at Mosquito Bay, sacks of flour and coffee and sugar which had been left there two years before, when the weather station closed down. Without a sledge or a rifle, Ritter was imprisoned in the house; but he could live there on bread and coffee. He hardly wondered what would happen in the end.

Perhaps, after months, he would die there, of scurvy if nothing else had killed him first. Perhaps one day the Danes would come and find him. Perhaps Schmidt and the others, or some of them, survivors from a battle at Ella Island, would come back that way.

Some time after Marius had gone Ritter stood up and noticed that the bread dough he had been mixing when Marius got the rifle and turned on him was still on the table. It had risen. He put it in the oven; and he began to tidy up the house, entirely absorbed in trivialities. . . .

Marius drove like the devil. Straight down the coast by the shortest route to Ella. The ice was hard, his sledge was light, his dogs were in excellent health, and there were ninety miles ahead of him. He was confident that barring accidents he would get there first; but he had to get there in time for his warning to be some use, in time for the defence of the station to be organized. So he drove on, urging his dogs without mercy, through the afternoon and through the night.

By then; the second half of April, there was

After the war the men of the sledge patrol returned to Denmark. Marius (left) now has his own farm and Kurt Olsen is a navigator on overseas routes of the Scandinavian Airlines System

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN BERRY

south." Ritter was bewildered. Why had this strange man chosen to come back and look after him?

no darkness left at all. It was only ten days or so before the midnight sun, and there was not much more than a hint of dusk at night. But at night it was very much colder, and then the sledge ran more easily and the dogs were more energetic.

On the evening after he left Mosquito Bay, Marius saw Ella Island about a dozen miles ahead of him and cursed his dogs on towards it. They were dead beat, and so was he. An hour later he could see the house, and hoped that somebody in it would see him. But no sledge came out to meet him: no movement, no smoke from the chimney: the shutters were closed on the windows. With a sinking heart he drew up at the house and stopped; and then he saw three circles on the door, the sledge patrol sign for "going south."

He went into the empty living-room. It was quite cold. When he opened the shutters, he saw a note and a map on the table. The note was addressed to him and signed by Poulsen, commander of the sledge patrol and dated April 19, two days earlier. It said they had done what they could to search for him but had given it up, and now, in accordance with the governor's orders, they were going south to the larger settlement at Scoresby Sound. They would hunt on the way, and leave depots of dog food in case he escaped and had to make the journey in a hurry. The map showed him the route to Scoresby Sound, which he had never travelled before, and Poulsen had marked the places where he would leave the depots.

Marius looked at the map and folded it up and put it in his pocket. So they had all gone: his rush of ninety miles had been wasted, and he was alone with exhausted dogs, without a friend on the whole of the north-east coast; and Schmidt and his fellow-raiders, with luck, were a couple of days behind him. . . .

Scoresby Sound is a village of thirty or forty wooden houses, widely scattered around the church, the shop, the school and the house of the head of the settlement. It is self-governing, under the authority of the Greenland administration, and is run by its head man and a kind of parish council, all of whom are Eskimos. It must have a good claim to be the most isolated village in the world, and its parish council to be the most independent body of its kind; for it is quite impossible to get into the place or out of it, except of course by sledge to the uninhabited coast, for at least ten months of every year. Scoresby Sound manages its own affairs, and manages them so well that it has never had any need for such complications as policemen, or of anything more than occasional advice, which it gets through its radio from larger, less happy communities.

Nothing like the German threat from the north had ever happened before in Scoresby Sound. The mere existence of nineteen Germans some hundreds of miles away had caused the most desperate apprehension, because the people knew nothing of Germans or of war or self-defence; but even to Poulsen, who did know a little about them, the threat seemed serious enough. There were nineteen Germans and upwards of eighty able-bodied Eskimos; but he knew that whatever happened, the Eskimos would not fight—they would passively suffer, as their Christian religion had taught them.

The place could hardly have been more difficult to defend. The only kind of defence it already possessed was a system of air raid warnings and a few shelters. Its houses extended over several miles of shore, and it had two opposite approaches, down Hurry Inlet and down the outer coast. Its people depended for their food and livelihood on hunting journeys, and hunters in the distance on their sledges could not be distinguished from attackers.

Poulsen's fighting force consisted of five men with rifles: himself, Lieutenant Ziebell, Sergeant Kurt Olsen and Corporals Peter Nielsen and Henry Rudi. Of these, it was only the three Danes he could count on to back him wholeheartedly in a fight; Henry Rudi, a Norwegian, was the man whose Arctic trust of all his fellow men was most deeply a part of his character, perhaps because he had been in the Arctic much longer than the others. Certainly, after Eskimoness and the news of the death of Knudsen, his trust had been shaken, but he would probably still have found it hard to aim his gun at a fellow man and fire it.

One blessing was that things could only go on as they were for a limited time. It was the beginning of May. By the end of the month, the thaw would have started, and for most of June, when the fiord ice was turning to slush and the land was under flood, nobody would be able to threaten the village except by air.

Another hard fact was that, although they had been sent back to the settlement to defend it, any active defence would have to take place outside it. A gun battle among the houses would be certain to kill more Eskimos than Germans, and would give the Danes no chance to make use of their only kinds of superiority, a knowledge of the country and a knowledge of sledges and dogs.

So they made up their minds to sally forth to meet any enemy forces which might be on the way, and to establish an outpost as far north up Hurry Inlet as they could. There was a conceivable possibility that they could harrass the Germans all down the last hundred miles of their approach, and even wear them out by guerilla tactics.

They also decided to make one last appeal to the Americans to send over an aircraft and drop them a machine gun. One machine gun would have made all the difference in the world.

Poulsen made up his mind to lead the somewhat forlorn expedition himself, and to take Ziebell and Olsen with him, leaving Rudi and Nielsen to encourage the Scoresby Sound people and help them to build themselves new shelters. A portable transmitter had been brought from Ella Island, and he intended to take it with him to keep communication between the outpost and the settlement. Two of the Eskimo drivers in the sledge patrol, Aparte and Christian, volunteered to go with him.

A storm delayed Poulsen's start, but on May 10 he was on the way up Hurry Inlet, with his four sledges close behind him. At the head of the inlet there is a hut. Poulsen stopped a couple of miles away and looked at it through glasses; there were sledges and dogs outside.

These could only be sledges from the north, and so Poulsen's men surrounded the hut at a distance and approached it cautiously; but there was no sign of life from inside, and Poulsen, half expecting some subtle trap, crept right up to the house, trigger-conscious, before the dogs woke up and howled at him in furious alarm. Then the door opened and two sleepy but

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apprehensive men peered out: Eskimos who had been missing after leaving Ella Island. They had reached the inlet the night before on their journey south.

They had one important piece of news. "We crossed a lot of fresh sledge tracks which led towards Ella Island," they said.

Poulsen was forced to admit, "The tracks must be those of the Germans."

Up till then, Poulsen had never had any definite news of Germans south of Eskimoness, and it had been a mere surmise that they might be roaming about the coast. Now he knew they had got as far as Ella. This news, and the acquisition of two more rifles, made Poulsen change his plans. He sent Ziebell and Olsen on, with the portable transmitter, two sledges and a tent, to establish the outpost somewhere in Carlsberg Fiord; and he went back with the two newcomers to report to Eske Brun and to try to organize a second line of defence.

Two days later, from the outpost at Carlsberg Fiord, Kurt Olsen reported the weather was getting foggy. Then suddenly his transmitter went off the air.

Poulsen waited anxiously while trying to make contact again. It was likely enough that Kurt's sudden silence meant nothing worse than a fault in the portable transmitter; but it might have meant anything from that to a shot from a German sniper or a burst of machine gun fire through the walls of the solitary tent.

While he waited, a young Eskimo hunter came in.

He was excited, and his story was confused.

"I was hunting in Hurry Inlet," he said. "When I got to the hut at the head of the inlet, there were some men there."

Poulsen questioned him. "How many men?"

"I do not know. I saw only two men. But there were nineteen dogs, and four pairs of skis, and one sledge."

This was serious. Nineteen dogs could mean three sledges were in the area.

"Can you tell me anything more about the two men you saw?" he asked the Eskimo.

"Oh yes. I spoke to them. One of them said his name was Jensen."

"What did you do?"

"I drove home quickly."

The hunter had had a companion with him, the assistant priest of the settlement. Poulsen sent for him post-haste.

"Yes," said the priest, "it all happened as my companion has told it. There were these nineteen dogs, and the two men we spoke to. One of the men," he added, "was in uniform, and had a revolver in his belt."

The report suggested a force at the very least of five or six men. There was only one conclusion: that the Germans who had been at Ella Island and captured it without a fight were looking for further conquests and aiming at Scoresby Sound. It might or might not be true that one of the party was Marius. They might have used his name as some kind of bluff, or they might have forced him to come with them as a sledge driver and guide. . . .

The sledge patrol went out to meet them. With Poulsen were Peter Nielsen, Henry Rudi and two Eskimos. Poulsen looked back beyond the hut and there, rolling in from the open sea, he saw the fog: the fog which, he presumed, had blinded the Carlsberg Fiord outpost and let the intruders past.

Sledges came hurrying to intercept him, from the last houses in Scoresby Sound. Their Eskimo drivers called him to come in. Two strangers had arrived.

They had only eight dogs. The hunter's and the priest's imaginations had added eleven more.

The man called Jensen, the Eskimos said, was little but he must be very strong. He must have been beating the tall man, because the tall man was crying.

Poulsen followed them in, quite unable to imagine what he would find.

There was Marius with his dogs and sledge, and another man, a stranger.

"Marius!" Poulsen said. "Who's that?"

"My prisoner," Marius said. They were men of few words.

The tall man was sitting with his face buried in his hands.

Marius had made a rather remarkable journey; for he had left Sabine Island on April 5 and got to Scoresby Sound on May 13, and he had travelled on every day of those five and a half weeks, and covered a distance of about six hundred miles, mostly with Ritter, but partly alone.

The two amazing journeys of Marius Jensen. The first (broken black line) he made alone. On the second (shown in red), he had a prisoner

At the end of his dash to Ella Island, when he had found that all the others had gone south, there was one obvious thing for him to do, and that was to follow them and waste no time about it.

Schmidt and his squad were on the way, a day or two behind him, with a plentiful supply of lethal weapons, and it was easy enough to guess that if they turned up and caught him there, they would be very angry men.

Poulsen and Ziebell, a day or two ahead of him, had told him in their note that they were travelling slowly to hunt on his behalf. His dogs were very tired, but he could have caught up with the others and travelled in safety and comfort to Scoresby Sound. It was the obvious thing to do, and he did not do it: he went back to Mosquito Bay to see what had happened to Ritter.

"Why on earth did you go back?" asked Poulsen.

Marius replied, with an amiable grin: "Because I knew you'd ask such a hell of a lot of questions. I thought I'd better get Ritter to answer them."

But Marius was not simply being obstinate. The fact was it had been an impulse and he did not know how to explain it; for in wartime it is hard to say in so many words that one likes the enemy commander.

Yet that was the simple explanation of a madly gallant gesture. At Ella Island, when Marius had had to make up his mind so quickly, he had felt ashamed to have stolen Ritter's rifle and left him alone at Mosquito Bay. At the time, he had done it with a clear conscience, because of the need to warn the sledge patrol at Ella; but as soon as he had found there was nobody there to warn, he had felt remorseful. Ritter had treated him fairly and decently. And now, by all Arctic standards, he had played him a dirty trick.

So he drove back the ninety miles across the sea ice, not so fast as he had come, but fast enough; and five days after he had left Mosquito Bay he was back there again.

He drove up to the house, and left his dogs in harness.

Ritter, seeing the sledge approaching, had not really been surprised to recognize Marius. He was almost beyond surprise. In the solitude of the house, his mind had faded into a kind of half-deliberate day-dream which excluded all thoughts of war. But Marius roused him. As he came in at the door, he just said: "Get your clothes. We're going south."

Within a few minutes, they were away again; but before they went Marius said: "Will you promise not to give me any trouble?"

Ritter was still bewildered. After a pause, he answered, "Yes."

Of course there were moments, especially in the first few days and nights, when Ritter could have taken Marius unawares and got the rifle back. But Marius had tied his prisoner with a subtler bond; for the point was that there was never a single moment when Ritter could have escaped without killing Marius: and nothing could possibly have made him do that. He understood that Marius had risked his own life and his own freedom to come back and look after him: so that Marius had shown him at last that the old Arctic principles of conduct were still alive. It was Marius's achievement not that he cowed his prisoner into going quietly, but that he showed him, just by being himself, an example which made his prisoner unable to raise a hand against him.

No doubt by then Ritter's will to escape had weakened too. He was a

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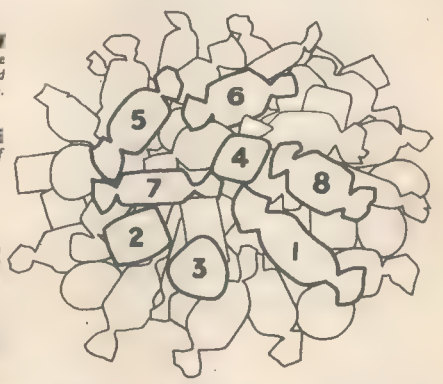

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very tired man: initiative had been beaten out of him by the Nazis in his own command.

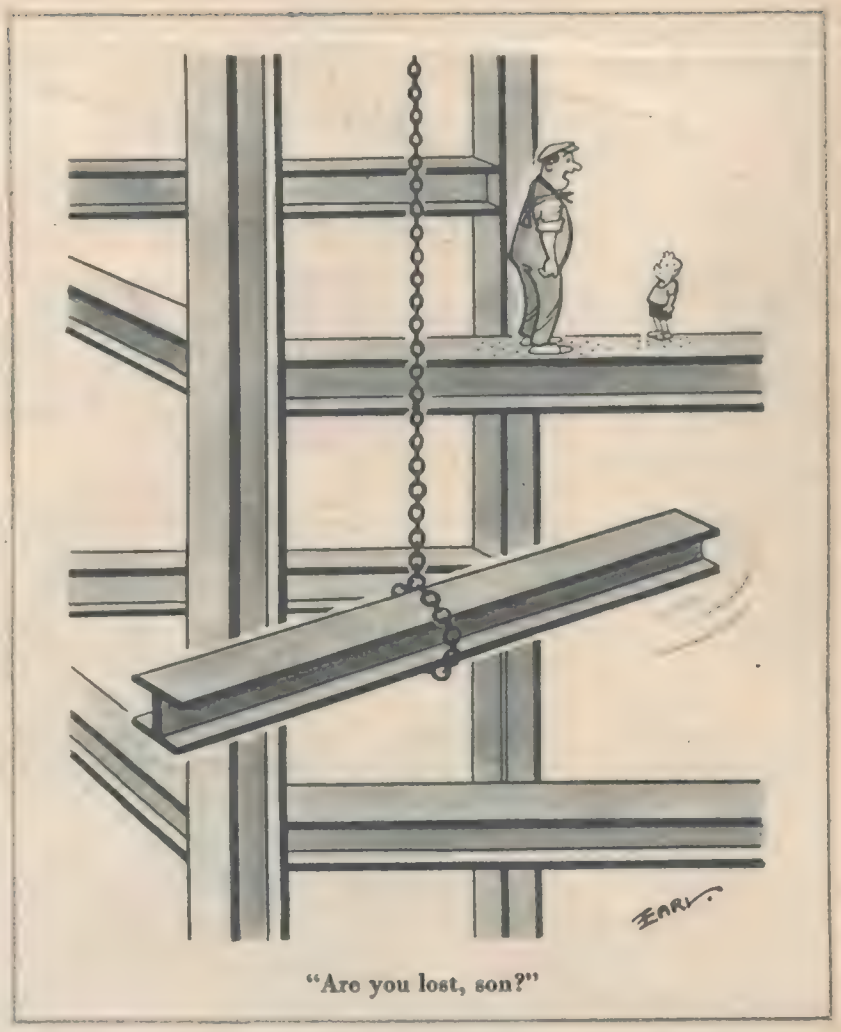
So they travelled in a kind of unspoken truce. Ritter skied on the left of the sledge and Marius on the right, each with a hand on the raised bar at the back of the sledge. Marius had the revolver in his belt, and his shooting hand was free except when he was using the dog whip or a ski stick. The rifle was in its holster, close to him in its usual position on the right-hand side of the sledge. It was mostly when they stopped to rest and eat, or to manhandle the sledge or sort out the traces of the dogs that Ritter could have hit Marius from behind or snatched the rifle.

At nights, when they stopped at huts, they ate together, and then Marius left Ritter to sleep in the hut and pitched the tent some distance away and slept there with the dogs picketed round him.

A few days later they reached a point where both of them knew it was finally out of the question for Ritter to escape, because even if he had murdered Marius he would not have had the strength or ability to drive the dog team back to the north again.

One night, in one of the huts on their route, Ritter said: "Well, the war's finished now for me." After that, they were not a prisoner and an escort any more; they were just two travellers. They shared the huts or slept in the tent together.

Sometimes, when Marius was tired, Ritter took the rifle and did the hunting. All that either of them wanted was to reach Scoresby Sound and get the journey over.



"Are you lost, son?"

Nor much of this story was told in Scoresby Sound when they arrived. A bare factual report of what Marius had done was transmitted to Eske Brun, and eventually travelled far and wide to the British and American high commands. Somewhere, somebody added to it a strictly military motive for Marius's gallant action; that he had gone back to Mosquito Bay and taken Ritter captive simply for the sake of the military advantage it would bring. If Marius had been a soldier at all, he might have thought of that reason himself. Anyhow, he was promoted sergeant in the Greenland Army and awarded the British Empire Medal. No medals are awarded for simple human kindness.

To have Ritter as a prisoner in the village did nothing at all to quieten the anxieties of the people of Scoresby Sound. Rumours, which up till then had had nothing more than imaginary sledges to feed upon, attached themselves to Ritter as if he had been a wild man who might run amok.

Once Poulsen was awakened by an Eskimo in the middle of the night.

"The German officer," said the Eskimo, with a note of panic in his voice, "has been seen with a dagger in his boot."

Poulsen wearily but gently told him to go back to bed.

Another night he was awakened by another Eskimo. "A revolver is hidden in the loft of the room where the German officer is living."

There was, of course, no truth in this.

Sledge rumours flourished too, and one evening when unidentified sledges were sighted in the fiord and the aircraft spotter, at the same moment, happened to sound the air raid warning, the rumour of approaching forces spread so fast that the daughter of the head of the settlement carried out her last-ditch duty of burning all the spare codes which belonged to the radio station.

Ritter and Poulsen treated each other at first with reserve and suspicion. The Danish prisoners had been looked after well enough in Sabine Island, and Poulsen made things as comfortable as he could for Ritter in return. But Ritter was reticent and refused to give Poulsen any military information.

The capture of Ritter, so far as Poulsen could tell, had not ended the chances of attack. On the contrary, the Germans now had an extra reason for coming to Scoresby Sound: to rescue their commander.

Shortly after Marius's return, Ziebell and Olsen came back. Their radio had broken down at Carlsberg Fiord and they had decided to rejoin Poulsen at Scoresby Sound.

For the first time, the whole of the sledge patrol was gathered together, except its one dead man; they had eight rifles, but guarding the prisoner day and night took two of them. Six rifles were none too many to defend the place against men with machine guns.

But still, Marius's successful coup had put new spirit into all the sledge patrol. They began to talk about advancing instead of retreating, and going to see what had happened at Ella Island. The idea was put up to the government, and Eske Brun, never a man for retreat, agreed at once.

By then there was not much time to waste. It was past the middle of May, and they could not depend on much more than a fortnight of sledging. The journey to Ella would have to be a careful reconnaissance and it would take at least ten days. Therefore, it would have to be a journey without a retreat; for if they got to the station and found the Germans in possession and failed to turn them out, it would probably be too late to get back to Scoresby Sound: the ice would have melted behind them. But that would not matter.

They did not want to come back. They were prepared to wait in camp, if that was necessary, all through the thaw, anywhere in the mountains in the Ella district; and rather than come south again, if all went well and they could get the motor boat which belonged to the Ella station, they would go farther north when the fiords were clear of ice.

Poulsen had to divide his force again. Ziebell, Kurt Olsen and Marius were chosen for the Ella expedition. Exactly a week after Marius had come in at the end of his marathon journey, he started again for the north with these two new companions. The sledge patrol had taken the initiative at last.

It was only a few days after they had gone that Poulsen received the very first sign that anyone in the outside world, except Eske Brun, was interested in his private war. A signal came to warn him to expect a friendly aircraft, and soon afterwards an enormous American bomber flew over Scoresby Sound and threw out a container attached to a parachute. Astonished and fascinated, everyone in the village watched the thing float down, and when it landed safely on the ice they rushed out to surround it at a distance. Poulsen unpacked it, and found at last four beautiful machine guns.

At once he sent out a signal to the Ella expedition to tell them to wait where they were, and he got two Eskimo volunteers with sledges and loaded them up with a gun and a stock of ammunition.

"Drive at full speed to catch up with Ziebell," he urged them. "He must have this gun."

There was no instruction book, but he thought Ziebell would figure out how to work it.

Four days later, the Eskimo sledges were back, still carrying the machine gun.

North of the head of Hurry Inlet, the rivers were running. The thaw had begun and the sledge route was impassable. Scoresby Sound was cut off from the rest of the coast. The guns had arrived when it was just too late to matter.

Poulsen, sitting impotently now in Scoresby Sound, with nothing more exciting to do than keep an eye on Ritter and try to catch up with the sledge patrol's accounts, watched the progress of the Ella expedition through radio reports.

Now that he had the machine guns, he was even more aware of how poorly his advance party was armed, and he was relieved to hear, on June 2, that they had got to Ella and found the house still there and re-occupied it without any opposition. But they had to cut down on radio batteries and it was agreed only to exchange essential

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signals; so it was not till later in the year that he heard the comic and yet faintly sinister details of the sledge patrol's return to Ella Island.

Ziebell and Marius and Kurt Olsen, ten days out from Scoresby Sound, had made a wary approach towards the island. There was a large iceberg which had been frozen in all winter a couple of miles off the station, and they kept in the lee of it. When they got to it without seeing new tracks or raising an alarm, they hid their dogs behind it and, peering round the edge of it, observed the house through glasses. The shutters were closed, and there was no smoke and no sign of life.

"Keep me covered," Ziebell said to the others. "I'm going a bit closer."

He roused his dogs and drove out from behind the iceberg and steered them towards the house.

As soon as the dogs saw the house ahead of them, they took charge and began to gallop gaily in towards it. Half-way there, Ziebell saw something he had not noticed from the iceberg: outside the house there were more than a dozen rifles standing in a row, piled in threes in orderly parade-ground fashion. And then he saw something else: in the shadow of the doorway a man in uniform was standing stock still and staring out to sea.

He tried to turn his dogs and get away again, but they took no notice of his shouts or his whip and bounded straight on towards the house.

Still nothing happened. The house was silent, the man stood like a statue. The dogs swept right up to the door and sat down there, panting, and then Ziebell, with his finger on the trigger of his rifle, saw that it was a statue: at least, it was a dummy stuffed with straw.

He looked at the piles of rifles. They were an old Danish pattern which had been obsolete for years and had been left in the loft at Ella because nobody had any ammunition for them.

He signalled to the others to come up, and then, having heard of booby traps, he pushed the door open with the butt of his rifle and waited for the bang. Nothing but a cold dank air came out of the living-room. He went in. The eight-day clock was ticking. On the stove was a pot of stew which was beginning to go mouldy. Looking round, he noticed something stranger. The American pin-up girls who had graced the walls for years had disappeared, and in their places were two less alluring photographs, one of Hitler and one of Mussolini. Below the one of Hitler, someone had written: "We are the best soldiers in the world."

The damage the Germans had done was much less than anyone had expected. It had all the appearance of a delaying action, rather than an attempt to put the station out of action altogether. The transmitter was smashed, the aerial masts cut down, and the motor boat badly damaged. But there was nothing which a few days' work could not put right.

Of course, the Germans might intend to come back. The idea was supported by the mystery of the ticking clock, for the Danes, of course, took this as conclusive evidence that the Germans had been at Ella less than a week before. As a matter of fact, it was nearly a month since the German party had done the damage and gone away, and one can only suppose that the banging of doors or footsteps on the floors had started the clock again.

So Ziebell and Kurt and Marius settled in, but kept a cautious lookout. For the present at least, the Germans had disappeared. The rivers had started to roar again, avalanches were falling in the mountains, and the ice on the fiords was getting wet and dark. Very soon, wherever the Germans had gone, they would have to stay there, and Ella Island, surrounded by miles of slush, would be safe from invasion either by ice or sea. In the meantime the sledge patrol had got one of its stations back, and the new portraits, in their turn, were torn down from the living-room walls.

Scoresby Sound was also safe, unless it was raided by air. Henry Rudi and two Eskimos became air raid wardens. The sledge patrol Eskimos started their summer jobs of mending sledges and harnesses and skis, and hunting to feed the dogs. Some Eskimo women were taken on the strength, to mend tents and winter clothes and make new ones for the next year's sledging. Peter Nielsen guarded Ritter, relieved by Poulsen when he could get away from the office work.

Poulsen, still weighed down by all his responsibilities, could only think of Ritter's presence as yet another worry. Ritter had told him a little about the troubles he had had with the Nazis, and Poulsen believed it was true that Ritter had never been a Nazi himself; but still, he was a German officer, and Poulsen was never sure what a captive German officer might do.

Perhaps Henry Rudi and Peter Nielsen got to know Ritter better because they had less responsibility. Rudi remarked quite early in Ritter's imprisonment that the man was a gentleman. Peter, also, to his own surprise, had begun to feel admiration for his prisoner.

As for Ritter himself, after all the spiritual distress that he had suffered, his conscience was calm and his fears were ended now. Looking back on his record as an officer, he would have admitted he had treated Marius as his prisoner too leniently, and run a risk of being taken prisoner himself. Certainly he had been careless and foolish to leave his rifle on the sledge at Mosquito Bay. But if that could be forgiven, he felt he had done his duty to the German Navy as best he could.

He had seen his men through to the spring. Nobody had ever expected the base would last all through the summer and still be there when the following winter came; and he himself, ever since the base had been detected, had assumed he would never be able to get the Sachsen out, and that all his men would be captured in the end. As for the Gestapo, they might judge him and condemn him for his offences against the Party; but he believed that the navy, in his absence as a prisoner of war, would look after his wife and daughter and defend them against Gestapo revenge.

Ritter had never been in an Eskimo settlement before, and he would have loved to have joined in the daily life of Scoresby Sound, which was so essentially Arctic; but that was denied him. Sooner or later, Scoresby Sound would have absorbed him and forgotten he had ever been an enemy. Eskimos are too happy to harbour grudges. But before that could happen, as soon as the sound had thawed a seaplane came in and took him away to a prison camp in America.

But just before it came, there had been a rifle accident, and an Eskimo child had got a bullet in her leg. Somebody had heard that Ritter was clever as a doctor, and the Eskimos asked the Danes to let him come and help them. He went with his guard.

It was almost his last act in Greenland, and perhaps it is appropriate as a final impression of this strangely attractive man. Perhaps in the Eskimo house a true glimpse of Ritter may be seen, trying to soothe the pain of a child he had never seen before and would never see again, wholly absorbed in the gentle delicate operation on the wound. . . .

The end was coming quickly, not only because the thaw was imprisoning everyone, each in his little corner of the coast, but also because in Europe and America vast forces were stirring at last to intervene.

The bombing of Sabine Island was a difficult undertaking. It needed Liberators and Flying Fortresses fitted with long-range tanks, and it also needed aircrews trained in Arctic flying. The Americans' leading expert for a raid of that kind was the veteran Norwegian pilot Bernt Balchen, who was a colonel then in the United States Air Force.

In that spring he was on the south-west coast of Greenland in charge of American airfields; but for several months he had been preoccupied with rescuing the crew of a bomber which had crashed on the Greenland ice cap. In May the rescue completed, Bernt Balchen flew to Iceland to prepare a final retribution for the German base in Hansa Bay. In July a heavy force of bombers reached Hansa Bay.

For three hours, the Arctic quiet was shattered by engines and bombs and

Autumn, Coast Town

by CARLA LANYON LANYON

The sea remembers quiet things tonight;
They have all gone home, the children from the sand,
The crowds, the coloured coaches and the band;
Now Autumn sets her needy fires alight
The sea remembers quiet things, tonight.

The sea remembers, what a load of years!
Before the esplanades, before the towns,
Before the humpy roads along the downs,
The sudden midnight train, the shops, the piers,
The sea remembers, what a load of years.

The sea remembers quiet things tonight—
The failing of first wings that swooped to rest,
The shiver of fresh sails upon her breast,
The dawn of man and the first harbour light.
The sea remembers quiet things tonight.

FOURTEEN YEARS AFTER . . .

Apart from the Eskimos, the sledge patrol men have all left the Arctic. Poulsen and Ziebell are both officers in the Danish Army and live near Copenhagen. Kurt Olsen's home is not far from theirs; he is a navigator in the Scandinavian Airlines System. Marius Jensen has his own farm in Zealand.

All are now very much family men, with two or three children apiece.

Henry Rudi has retired from hunting and lives in the north of Norway. Peter Nielsen has emigrated to Canada. He was Ritter's principal jailer in Scoresby Sound. After the war he heard that Ritter had fallen on difficult times; he wrote and offered to lend him the money for him and his family to emigrate there, too. But for family reasons Ritter could not go, and he is still sailing as a merchant service officer.

He and Poulsen have corresponded since the war, and the writing of this book was the cause of a friendly meeting at last between the two men.

Ritter's ex-enemies all wish him well—all recognize the old truth which was shown again in that Arctic spring of 1943; that it is proper for all true men of every nation to act together in opposition to evil and oppression wherever and whenever they arise.

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gunfire as plane after plane roared over the Sabine hills. The Germans fought back. But when it was all over, none of the aircraft had been damaged and surprisingly little damage had been done on the ground. A hut had been set on fire by incendiary bullets and the meteorological gear was put out of action; but, according to German reports, the Sachsen was not hit, and certainly none of the Germans was hurt.

Dr. Weiss, the head meteorologist, was in charge by the time the bombers came. He and Dr. Sensse, the medical officer, Schmidt and their assault party had got back from Ella Island after a journey of forty days. They were surprised to find Ritter had not come back; and Weiss set to work at once to organize escape. He appealed to the German air force to come to the rescue.

When the American bombers came over, a German flying boat was already waiting in the north of Norway and, some time in July, as soon as the sea ice broke up and sufficient open leads of water could be seen, it came in and picked up all the men it could find and took them back to Germany. Before they left, they set Ritter's ship on fire.

Later still in the summer, an American ice-breaker forced its way up the coast and steamed into Hansa Bay. Its crew had been told to look out for German survivors, but there was nobody there. The huts were in ruins, and the Sachsen was a stranded, burned-out hulk.

But that was not quite the end of the whole affair.

On the day after the ice-breaker got to Hansa Bay, her captain gave shore leave to some of the crew and let them wander about the island. Some of them got as far as Germania Harbour, and while they were having a look at the old hunting station they were astonished to hear music.

Following the sound, they came upon an emaciated, bearded man, sitting on a rock, playing a gramophone. He was holding a hand-grenade, but he made signs of surrender. The tattered anarak he was wearing had a bullet hole in the shoulder.

"And who in hell are you?" asked one of the Americans.

"My name is Sensse," replied this strange-looking apparition, "Dr. Sensse."

The Americans took the grenade away from him, and searched him.

"The name on his clothes isn't

Sensse," said one of them. "It's Knudsen."

Their prisoner looked vague and offered no coherent explanation of this discrepancy.

It was, in fact, Dr. Sensse. He had been left behind when the Germans flew out of the country and was now discovered wearing a dead man's clothes.

When he and Weiss had got back to their base, it was weeks since they had left Ritter with Marius—before the rôles of prisoner and captive had been reversed—at Mosquito Bay. They had only just got back to their base in time, because the thaw had started and open leads were showing along the coast. But Sensse harnessed five dogs and started alone for Mosquito Bay to look for the missing Ritter.

He met disaster. The melting ice broke under his sledge, and he and the dogs and the sledge went through. He managed to drag himself out, but the sledge sank and took the dogs down with it.

No doubt, in the warmth of the sun he had taken off his outer clothes and stowed them on the sledge; but he was not very far from Sandodden, and he succeeded in walking there. In the hut he found the clothes he had taken off Eli Knudsen—the dead sledge patrol man—to dress his wound when he was dying; and so he put them on.

He could not get away from Sandodden until the thaw was over, and during the weeks while he waited he lived there alone on the scraps of food which were left in the station, in the macabre company of the human corpse which he and the other Germans had left there.

But there was an old boat at the station, and when at last the fiords were free of ice he rowed the fifty miles back to Germania Harbour, to find his compatriots gone and American sailors in possession of Sabine Island.

So the story ended with this surprising encounter at the hut in Germania Harbour. On the day after it the American ship steamed out of Hansa Bay, and Sabine Island was left deserted, as peaceful as it had always been since long before mankind began to fight.

It is still deserted and perfectly peaceful now.

THE END

"The Sledge Patrol," by David Howarth, is published by Collins at 15s.

The bride of Brannigan

Continued from page 25

a jacket which would have fitted him like an overcoat.

"Does that belong to the young fellow from Wicklow?" he asked.

"It does."

Con looked at the bed again. "Isn't he a bit on the big side?"

"Ah, Shamus is only a growing boy. They're fine big fellows that come from Wicklow."

The woman that kept the house, Mrs. Riley, was a widow, and her daughter was called Eileen, and between them they looked after eight Irishmen who worked in the factory. It was a homely house. Most nights the fellows sat around the television in a flickering semi-circle. Con was the only one that went out at all regularly.

"Where is it you go all the time?" Eileen asked him once when it was his turn to help with the washing up. "Don't you like to stay home sometimes after a day's work?"

"I do," said Con, sincerely, "but you see, I've got to . . . I mean, I like getting about."

But Eileen would not leave it alone, and one Sunday, while Con was helping her shell peas out in the back garden, she said: "You know, Con, if there's some young lady you see regularly, Ma wouldn't mind you bringing her home. If she's respectable."

"There's no young lady," said Con, blushing.

"Where is it you go, then?"

So he had to tell her, and she sat watching his red face as he mumbled into the bowl of peas. When he had done there was a silence, and then she said: "Oh, Con, it is so romantic. Describe her to me again."

"She has jet black hair," said Con.

"Like mine?"

"Well, yes, in a way," said Con. "And long pale eyes."

"My eyes are greeny-blue. Would you call them pale?".

"Well, yes," said Con, considering. "But these are different. And long pale hands."

Eileen said nothing, but looked down at her hands; and Con, looking too, smiled and said kindly: "But this is a full-grown woman I am looking for, Eileen. . . ."

Nine long months Con stayed in London, covering the whole of the great town in his search, but never once did he catch a glimpse of the woman. Then she came again in his dream, and this time she was sitting out in the garden shelling peas. "Con, Con," she said, "you are flagging. I can see it."

"And haven't I a right to?" Con cried in despair. "What sort of a spell have you put on me, taking me on this wild-goose chase?"

"It's no wild-goose chase, Con. All rare things are hard to find."

"But why does it take so long?"

But the woman only smiled and Con awoke groaning next to the huge sleeping figure of Shamus. He knew he would have to travel on again.

Con made inquiries and took ship for Australia, and was a year there, including New Zealand. And from New Zealand he went to Canada, and was there nine months. And from Canada he went to America itself.

Then, four years almost since setting out across the mountain, and three since he left London, he came on a ship from America, and the night the ship ploughed the last few miles through the dark sea, the woman came to him again in his dream. This time she stood in a doorway and Con fell down on his knees before her, crying: "Let me go now, will you? I have searched the whole world over for you and four years have gone out of my life. Nothing can repay me for that."

"Oh, I can repay you, Con, if only you have the courage to keep on and find me." The woman bent over him and kissed him on the ear. "Have that to be going on with."

"Must I start all over again then?" he groaned, and awoke hearing himself say "again." He sat up in his bunk and he knew he would not do it.

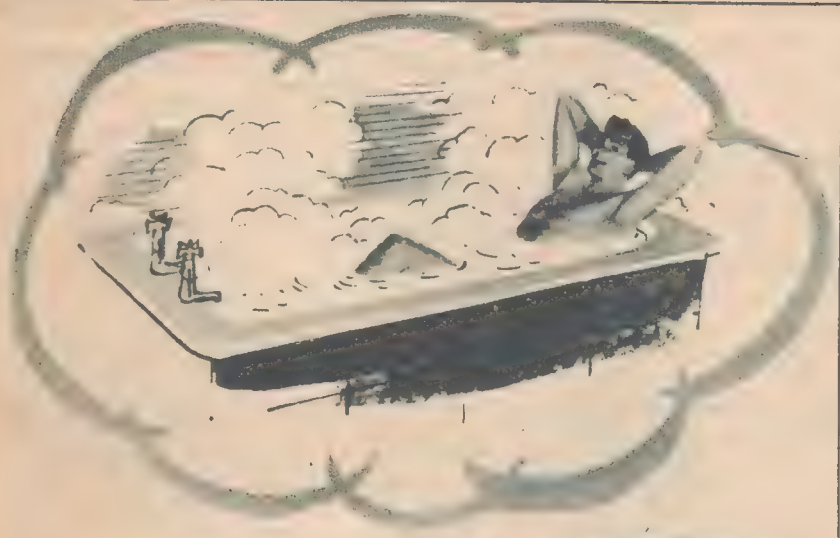
The decision gave him ease but much sadness, and he thought he might as well go home with money in his pocket to show for the four years instead of empty-handed.

Therefore, when the ship docked, he took train to London and went straight to the factory where he had worked before and got himself signed on. Then he went to his old lodgings. And the moment the door opened, he almost fell down on his knees; for there in the doorway, as she had been in his dream the night before, was the woman with the jet black hair and the long pale eyes and long pale hands. "Glory be!" said Con. "Is it really you?"

"It is, of course," said the woman, and then, looking more closely: "Isn't it—aren't you Con that was here three years ago? I am Eileen—did you recognize me so easily?"

"Eileen?" he said in bewilderment.

She had called her mother, who greeted Con warmly and took him up to a room. Instinctively he looked at



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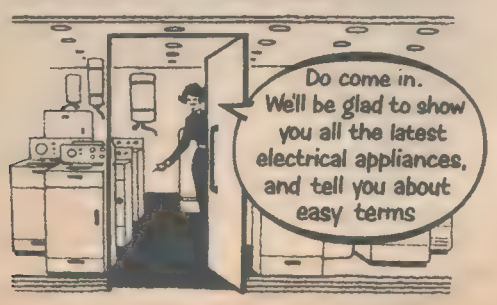

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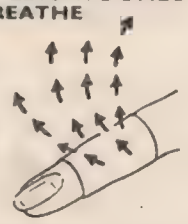

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"A good education's fine, of course. It's just that we had ideas of an unskilled job where you make lots of money"

the door to see if a jacket was hanging there, and Mrs. Riley laughed aloud. "No, Con, Shamus is not in this room. He is too big to share a bed."

"Is he still here, then?"

"Indeed he is, and he can't tear himself away now. He hangs round Eileen like a bee round jam. I think he'll be marrying her."

At this Con sat down on the bed, sick and trembling, and hung his head, and Mrs. Riley said: "What is it, Con?"

"I'm tired," Con muttered. "I'm just in from America."

"From America! Take off your boots and lie back. I'll get you a cup of tea."

But it was Eileen who brought the tea, her long eyes glinting with eagerness to hear of his travels. "Did you find her, Con?" she asked.

"I don't know," Con muttered.

"Haven't you seen anyone who looked like her?"

"I have, yes, I have."

"Where was this?"

"In a house, in a town," said Con, dropping his eyes at last.

When she had gone, Con drank his tea and lay back and closed his eyes and tried to find the woman in the dream. But she did not come, and he cursed her, for he saw through this new trick. Since he had decided to go home, and if she could not have him for herself, she meant to destroy him. She had softened his brain so that he thought Eileen was she.

But Con had been under a spell long enough, and now he fought back bravely. If Eileen were the woman, she must give him an infallible sign. If she did not, he would return to his home across the mountain in six months.

Con was firm in his resolve, and firmer still when he met Shamus, who was now full grown and big as a house.

Con could not take his eyes off Eileen, following her wherever she walked, staying always near her. It seemed Eileen shared this attraction, too, for, although she gave no infallible sign, her eyes were always smiling and she wanted to hear more of his travels.

One night, indeed, when Con had been there three months, Shamus came tapping at his door after he had gone to bed. "I want a word with you, Con," he said.

"What is it, Shamus?"

"It's about Eileen. I love that girl and want to marry her. But she has changed to me since you came back."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Shamus."

Shamus's big red hands were working with angry embarrassment. "No offence to you, Con, but I'll hammer you if you come between us."

"Well, I'll tell you, Shamus," said Con. "In three months I am going back to my home."

"All right," said Shamus. "But remember what I say. Stay away from her. No offence, Con."

"No offence, Shamus." And indeed Con bore none, for Shamus was within his rights, and was a decent fellow. And Eileen had given no infallible sign.

So Con stayed away from her. . . .

Two whole months Con stood this torture, making no move; until at last only one month remained before he would go back to his home across the mountain. Able to bear it no longer then, he approached Eileen herself.

She laughed aloud when she heard what she had to say, but her long, pale eyes were cold. "So a dream woman and Shamus between them frightened you away from me."

"I couldn't tell if you were that woman unless you gave me a sign."

"And what is this sign you're waiting for?" Eileen asked, smiling cruelly.

"I can't tell you," said Con.

"Do you know it yourself?"

"Well, perhaps I do," Con said, in a voice still lower, for he had privately decided that if Eileen held his head in her arms as the woman had in the last dream, and kissed his ear, then that would be, in this state of strained relations between them, a sign indeed.

But he knew it would never come

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now, and he sighed at his boots and shook his head, and therefore did not see Shamus enter and stand glowering in the doorway. But Eileen did and, to arouse some spark of jealously in Shamus, with whom indeed she was becoming bored, she laid her hand on Con's arm and said softly: "Tell me, Con. Whisper it in my ear."

"What would be the use of that?" Con said, as the door slammed behind Shamus. "No, I'd better leave."

"One month is not long to wait after four years," she said, smiling. "If you make good use of it."

He went to go to his room, but found Shamus waiting on the stairs.

"I warned you to stay away from Eileen," Shamus said.

"Don't worry, Shamus. I will."

"I saw you with her just now. Get out of this house, Con."

"In one month, Shamus. You've got nothing to fear. Let me pass now."

"Only if you'll go right away."

"I can't," said Con, shaking his head. "You don't understand, man."

"I understand well enough," said Shamus, gritting his teeth. "Out you go, or I'll hammer you. Yes or no?"

"No," said Con.

So Shamus hammered Con. It was only a light bat on the ear, but the giant from Wicklow had a hand like a foot, and Con felt as if his ear had been knocked off. Stunned before he could put up his hands, he stumbled backwards down the stairs and knocked himself out at the bottom.

And then it seemed the woman in the dream came swiftly to him and took his head in her arms, as she had the last time, but when he opened his eyes it was Eileen herself, and he knew he was not dreaming. She was shouting angrily at Shamus, who still glowered on the stairs.

NEXT day, Shamus hammered Con again, in an alley on the way back from the factory. And that night as he was going to bed, Shamus caught his arm at the top of the stairs.

It seemed to Con, in a flash of inspiration, that if he was going to be hammered he might as well have it done in the house where Eileen was near to kiss his ear, so for answer he hit Shamus full on the nose.

Shamus was so taken aback that for a moment he merely held his nose, gazing in outraged astonishment at the bellowing Con who had not yet been touched. Then he touched him. Grasping his head he battered it against the wall. Four loud thumps shook the wall before the house was roused and Eileen rushed out to separate them.

Con's senses were reeling, and his hammered ear had been hammered again, but he kept hold of his consciousness as he felt Eileen kneeling beside him.

"Ah, the brute! The bully!" she cried. "Where are you hurt, Con?"

"My ear," Con groaned, and prayed alertly as he allowed his hand to be prised away from it.

Then indeed his prayer was answered, for in that moment he felt Eileen's lips upon his ear and knew his four-year search was ended. "You are the one!" he cried, and then he fainted.

This was how Con found the woman of his dreams, and Shamus, hearing all the circumstances, knew he had no chance in this destined matter and gave up his claim. And Con married Eileen and took her home with him.

On the way they met the tinker.

"Good day," the tinker said. "I see you have found your woman."

"I have," said Con proudly, "and it's taken me all of four years."

"Four years to find a woman!" said the tinker, and whistled in astonishment. "Do you tell me that now?"

"I do," said Con, "but now I'll be content my whole life long."

"So they say, so they say," said the tinker, and smiled at a bird. "Let the sun shine on you both, then."

So Con took home the woman and knew his four years had not been wasted. For though she might torment him while he was awake, his sleep at least would now be secure; and of all things, next to freedom, a man needs sleep.

THE END

Flying in the missile age

THE NEED FOR PILOTS, navigators and air electronics officers is as urgent as ever . . . and the career prospects no less promising. Weapons change, tactics change, but the role of the Royal Air Force today remains the same.

"I should like to say a word about the future of the Royal Air Force . . . The introduction of new weapons will be a gradual process, extending over a good number of years, and even then there will still remain a very wide variety of roles for which manned aircraft will continue to be needed. I therefore hope that young men who have the ambition to be pilots, as well as those who are interested in new technical advances, will continue as before to look to the R.A.F. for a fine and useful career."

MINISTER OF DEFENCE, APRIL 16TH 1957

More opportunities — not less. To a young man ambitious to fly, and with the ability to lead others, the R.A.F. offers a fine and useful career. Men of high quality are required to fly the V-bombers, fighters and high-speed reconnaissance and transport aircraft. Even for those functions where unmanned missiles will in time give the answer, manned aircraft must continue in service for a number of years yet. Moreover, manned aircraft will *always* be needed for those functions to which the human brain in the air is indispensable. And, whatever new instruments of air power are evolved, the R.A.F. will always need men of initiative who have been trained to master the problems of the air in the air. For such men this is a time of opportunity. Not only can they fulfil their ambition to fly for as long as they serve. They will have the chance of a full and satisfying career. Aircrew do much more than fly. They are often seconded for other important work in Britain and abroad. Variety is more than ever the essence of a career in the R.A.F. Whatever a man becomes—pilot, navigator, air electronics officer—there is no limit to what he may achieve. Quality counts. There is, and always will be, room for good men.

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The Royal Air Force

Flying ...and a career

4.50 from Paddington

Continued from page 22

Eastley. Father was convinced it was a put-up thing to get money out of us." She paused, then went on: "Alfred seemed to consider it rather a joke, though he too thought it was almost certainly an imposture. Cedric just wasn't interested—he's inclined to be self-centred. Our idea was that the family would receive Martine, and that our lawyer, Mr. Wilborne, should also be asked to be present."

"What did Mr. Wilborne think about the matter?"

"We hadn't got as far as discussing it with him."

"You have taken no further steps?"

"Yes. I wrote to the address in London with 'Please forward' on the envelope, but I have had no reply."

"What were your reactions at the time? Did you think the letter was genuine, or did you agree with your father and brothers? What about your brother-in-law—what did he think?"

"Oh, Bryan thought that the letter was genuine."

"And you?"

"I—wasn't sure."

"And what were your feelings about it—supposing that this girl really *was* your brother Edmund's widow?"

Emma's face softened. "I was very fond of Edmund. He was my favourite brother. The letter seemed to me exactly the sort of letter that a girl like Martine would write under the circumstances. But all the same——"

She stopped.

"You wanted it to be true?" said Craddock gently.

She looked at him gratefully. "Yes, I wanted it to be true. I would be so glad if Edmund had left a son."

Craddock nodded. "As you say, the letter, on the face of it, sounds genuine enough. What *is* surprising is the sequel—Martine Crackenthorpe's abrupt departure for Paris and the fact that you have never heard from her since.

"If she were an impostor, of course, it's easier to explain. She may have hoped to get sums of money out of you for the child, without many questions being asked. But instead she found she was going to run up against something quite different. After all, I should imagine that serious legal aspects would arise." He frowned thoughtfully. "If Edmund Crackenthorpe left a son, born in wedlock, he would be one of the heirs to your grandfather's estate?"

Emma nodded.

"Moreover, from what I have been told, he would in due course inherit Rutherford Hall and the land round it—very valuable building land, probably, by now."

Emma looked slightly startled. "Yes, I hadn't thought of that."

"Well, I shouldn't worry," said Inspector Craddock. "You did quite right to come and tell me. I shall make inquiries, but it seems to me highly probable that there is no connection between the woman who wrote the letter and the woman whose body was found in the sarcophagus."

Emma rose with a sigh of relief. "I'm so glad I've told you. You've been very kind."

Craddock accompanied her to the door. Then he rang for Detective Sergeant Wetherall. He said: "Bob, I've got a job for you. Go to 126 Elvers Crescent, N.10. Take photographs of the Rutherford Hall woman with you. See what you can find out about a woman calling herself Mrs. Crackenthorpe—Mrs. Martine Crackenthorpe, who was either living there, or calling for letters there, between the dates of, say, the fifteenth to the end of December."

"Right, sir."

Craddock busied himself with various other matters that were awaiting attention on his desk. Later in the day he received a wire from Paris: "PARTICULARS GIVEN BY YOU MIGHT APPLY TO ANNA STRAVINSKA OF BALLET MARITSKI. SUGGEST YOU COME OVER. DESSIN, PREFECTURE. . . ."

"It's so very kind of you to have asked me to take tea with you," said Miss Marple to Emma Crackenthorpe.

Miss Marple was looking particularly woolly and fluffy—a perfect picture of a sweet old lady. She beamed as she looked around her—at Harold Crackenthorpe in his well-cut dark suit, at Alfred handing her sandwiches with a charming smile, at Cedric standing by the mantelpiece in a ragged tweed jacket, scowling at the rest of his family.

"We are very pleased that you could come," said Emma politely.

"Thank you so much—may I ask—oh, egg-and-sardine, yes that will be very nice. I'm afraid I'm always rather greedy over my tea." Miss Marple turned to her hostess once more. "What a beautiful house you have—and so many beautiful things in it. Those bronzes, now—they remind me of some my father bought at the Paris Exhibition. In the classical style, aren't they? Very handsome. How delightful for you having your brothers with you! So often families are scattered—India, though I suppose that is all done with now; and Africa—the west coast, such a bad climate."

"Two of my brothers live in London."

"That is very nice for you."

"But my brother Cedric is a painter and lives in Iviza, one of the Balearic Islands."

"Painters are so fond of islands, are they not?" said Miss Marple. "Chopin—that was Majorca, was it not? But he was a musician—it is Gauguin I am thinking of. A sad life. Misspent, one feels." She eyed Cedric with a slightly disapproving air.

She chattered away, until she was interrupted by the entry of Bryan and the boys, rather wet and dirty as a result of an enthusiastic search for clues. Tea was brought in, and with it came Dr. Quimper, who raised his eyebrows as he looked round after his introduction to the old lady.

"Hope your father's not under the weather, Emma?"

"Oh no . . . that is, he was just a little tired this afternoon——"

"Avoiding visitors, I expect," said Miss Marple with a roguish smile. "How well I remember my own dear father. 'Got a lot of old pussies coming?' he would say to my mother. 'Send my tea into the study.' Very naughty about it, he was."

"Please don't think——" began Emma, but Cedric cut in: "It's always tea in the study when his dear sons come down. Psychologically to be expected, eh, doctor?"

Dr. Quimper, who was devouring sandwiches and coffee cake with the frank appreciation of a man who has usually too little time to spend on his meals, said: "Psychology's all right if it's left to the psychologists. Trouble is, everyone is an amateur psychologist nowadays. My patients tell *me* exactly what complexes and neuroses they're suffering from, without giving me a chance to tell them. Thanks, Emma, I will have another cup. No time for lunch today."

"A doctor's life, I always think, is so noble and self-sacrificing," said Miss Marple.

"You can't know many doctors," said Dr. Quimper. He turned to Miss Crackenthorpe. "Glorious cake, Emma. What a cook you are!"

"Not mine. Miss Eyelesbarrow's."

"You make 'em just as good," said Quimper loyally.

"Will you come and see Father?"

Emma rose and the doctor followed her. Miss Marple watched them leave the room. She said: "Miss Crackenthorpe is a very devoted daughter."

"Can't imagine how she sticks the old man, myself," said Cedric.

"She has a very comfortable home here, and Father is very much attached to her," said Harold quickly.

"Em's all right," said Cedric. "Born to be an old maid."

There was a faint twinkle in Miss Marple's eye. "Oh, do you think so?"

Harold said quickly: "My brother didn't use the term old maid in any derogatory sense, Miss Marple."

"Oh, I wasn't offended," said Miss Marple. "I just wondered if he was right. I shouldn't say myself that Miss Crackenthorpe would be an old maid. She's the type, I think, that's quite likely to marry late in life—and make a success of it."

"Not very likely living here," said Cedric. "Never sees anybody she could marry."

Miss Marple's twinkle became more pronounced than ever. "There are always clergymen. And doctors."

Her eyes, gentle and mischievous went from one to another. It was clear that she had suggested to them something that they had never thought of and which they did not find overpleasing.

She rose to her feet, dropping as she did so several woolly scarves and her bag. The three brothers were most attentive picking things up.

"So kind of you," Miss Marple said. "Oh yes, and my little blue muffler. Yes—as I say—so kind to ask me here. I'd been picturing, you know, just what your home was like—so that I could visualize dear Lucy working here."

"Perfect home conditions — with murder thrown in," said Cedric.

"Cedric!" Harold's voice was angry.

Miss Marple smiled up at Cedric. "Do you know who you remind me of? Young Thomas Eade, our bank manager's son. Always out to shock people. It didn't do in banking circles, of course, so he went to the West Indies. . . . He came home when his father died and inherited quite a lot of money. So nice for him. He was always better at spending money than making it. . . ."

Dermot Craddock was fraternizing with Armand Dessin of the Paris Prefecture. The two men had met on one or two occasions and got on well together.

"It is an idea only," Dessin warned him, "I have a picture here of the Corps de Ballet—that is she, the fourth from the left. It says anything to you, yes?"

Inspector Craddock said that actually it didn't. A strangled young woman is not easy to recognize, and in this picture all the young women concerned

A MEAL TO REMEMBER

by Wynford Vaughan Thomas

I was working in London in 1940 and, like hundreds of others, devoted most of my evenings to that exhausting business—fire fighting. One night there was a particularly heavy raid and, with two of my colleagues, I had just returned home during a brief lull when the bombing started again and we watched at least eight incendiaries drop on the roof of the house opposite.

Quickly, we gathered our kit, rushed across the road and banged on the door.

It was quite a time before we could get a reply but the door was eventually opened by a tall, aristocratic-looking man of about fifty, with his shirt sleeves rolled up and an apron round his waist.

He was surprised but apparently unconcerned when we told him that his house was in danger of being burned down. He explained that he was more preoccupied with whether things were burning on his cooker, but mentioned that he would be grateful if we would take care of the other business.

We were already on the way upstairs when he called out an invitation to come down and see him when the fire was out.

Bombs were dropping all around us and we had to work swiftly, but we managed to get the flames under control. It was midnight by the time we staggered downstairs again, dirty and exhausted. The all-clear had just gone and we were greeted by the owner of the house: "Would you care to join me for dinner."

He did not wait for a reply but hustled us, filthy as we were, into his elegant dining-room, sat us down at the table and began to serve us himself with what I think was one of the best meals I had during the war.

We had wine, we had some delicious soup and we had a wonderful dish of fresh trout stuffed with almonds, anchovies and cream, and served with prawns.

Our host, who was an excellent conversationalist, turned out to be a Polish count whose favourite hobby was cooking. He kept us entertained throughout the meal and, indeed, we had forgotten all about the war when suddenly the sirens rudely reminded us.

Jumping up, we thanked him for his excellent hospitality and, once more gathering up our kit, we disappeared into the night to try to put out a few more fires.

Here is a recipe for trout with almonds

Ingredients: one fresh trout; five chopped anchovies; one and a half peeled, crushed almonds; one tablespoon thick cream; four large prawns (optional); butter; one teaspoon olive oil; flour for coating; one slice of lemon; two stuffed olives.

Skin the almonds by plunging them in boiling water. Crush them and mix to a paste with the chopped anchovies and the cream.

Slit trout down the side, clean it and remove bone. Dry it with a cloth, and then stuff the almond and anchovy paste smoothly inside. Dip in flour. Remove shells from prawns, clean and dip in flour.

Heat butter and olive oil in a pan, being careful not to burn, and then add the trout and prawns.

Cook over a medium flame, turning the fish every two minutes. Cook altogether for about ten minutes.

Remove from the pan, pour over the butter in which the fish has cooked and decorate with lemon slice and stuffed olives.

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60

were heavily made up and were wearing extravagant bird head-dresses.

"It could be," he said. "I can't go farther than that. Who was she? What do you know about her?"

"Almost less than nothing," said the other cheerfully. "She was not important, you see. And the Ballet Maritski—it is not important, either. It plays in suburban theatres and goes on tour. It has no real names, no stars, no famous ballerinas. But I will take you to see Madame Joliet, who runs it."

Madame Joliet was a brisk, business-like Frenchwoman.

"Me, I do not like the police," she scowled at them, without camouflaging her dislike of the visit. "Always they make me embarrassments."

"No, no, madame, you must not say that," said Dessin, who was a tall, thin, melancholy-looking man. "When have I ever caused you embarrassments?"

"Over that little fool who drank the carbolic acid," said Madame Joliet promptly. "And all because she has fallen in love with the *chef d'orchestre*. Over that you made the big *brouhaha* which is not good for my ballet."

"On the contrary, big box office business," said Dessin. "Now about this girl, Anna Stravinska."

"Well, what about her?"

"Is she Russian?" asked Craddock.

"No, indeed. You mean, because of her name? But they all call themselves names like that, these girls. She was not important. She did not dance well, and she was not particularly good looking. *Elle était assez bien, c'est tout*. She danced well enough for the *corps de ballet*—but no solos."

"Was she French?"

"Perhaps. She had a French passport. But she told me once that she had an English husband."

"An English husband? Alive—or dead?"

"Dead or he had left her. How should I know which? These girls! There is always some trouble with men——"

"When did you last see her?"

"I take my company to London for six weeks. We play at Torquay, at Bournemouth, at Eastbourne, at somewhere else I forget, and at Hammersmith. Then we come back to France. But Anna, she does not come. She sends a message only that she leaves the company, that she goes to live with her husband's family—some nonsense of that kind. I did not think it is true, myself. I think it more likely that she has met a man, you understand."

Inspector Craddock nodded. "What date was this?" he asked.

"When we return to France? It was—yes—the Sunday before Christmas. And Anna, she leaves two—or is it three?—days before that. I cannot remember exactly but, the end of the week at Hammersmith, we have to dance without her."

"Very annoying for you."

"Ah! Me—I do not care—I can find other girls—girls who will leap at the chance of dancing in the Ballet Maritski and who can dance as well or better than Anna." Madame Joliet paused and then asked, with a gleam of interest: "Why do you want to find her? Has she come into money?"

"On the contrary," said Inspector Craddock politely. "We think she may have been murdered."

MADAME JOLIET relapsed into indifference. "*Ça se peut!* It happens. Ah, well! She was a good Catholic. She went to Mass on Sundays, and no doubt confession."

"Did she ever speak to you, madame, of a son?"

"A son? Do you mean she had a child? That, now, I should consider most unlikely."

"She may have had a child before she adopted a stage life," said Craddock. "During the war, for instance."

"*Ah—pendant la guerre!* That is always possible. But if so, I know nothing about it."

"Who among the other girls were her closest friends?"

"I can give you two or three names. But she was not very intimate with anyone."

They could get nothing else useful

from Madame Joliet. Shown the compact, she said Anna had one of that kind—but so had most of the other girls. Anna had perhaps bought a fur coat in London—she did not know.

After Madame Joliet, they interviewed the girls whose names she had given them. One or two of them had known Anna fairly well, but they all said that she had not been one to talk much about herself, and that when she did it was, so one girl said, mostly lies.

"She liked to pretend things—stories about having been the mistress of a Grand Duke, or of a great English financier, or how she worked for the Resistance in the war."

Another girl said: "I think that really she had had a very tame *bourgeoise* existence. She liked to be in ballet because she thought it was romantic, but she was not a good dancer. You understand that if she were to say: 'My father was a draper in Amiens,' that would not be romantic. So instead she made up things."

"Even in London," said the first girl, "she threw out hints about a very rich man who was going to take her on a cruise round the world, because she reminded him of his dead daughter who had died in a car accident."

"She told *me* she was going to stay with a rich lord in Scotland," said the second girl. "She said she would shoot the deer there."

The identification of the photograph by the girls and Madame Joliet was very uncertain and hesitating. It looked something like Anna, they all agreed. But really! All swollen up—it might be anybody.

The only fact that was established was that on December 19 Anna Stravinska had decided not to return to France, and that on December 20 a woman resembling her in appearance had travelled to Brackhampton by the 4.33 train and had been strangled.

And, if the woman in the sarcophagus was *not* Anna Stravinska, where was Anna now?

To that, Madame Joliet's answer was simple and inevitable. "With a man!"

And it was probably the correct answer, Craddock reflected ruefully.

On Craddock's return to London, Sergeant Wetherall was waiting to report with gloomy relish: "Accommodation address, sir—that's what 126 Elvers Crescent is. Quite respectable and all that——"

"Any identifications?"

"No. Nobody could recognize the photograph as that of a woman who had called for letters. But I don't think they would anyway—it's a month ago, very near, and a good many people use the place. It's actually a boarding-house for students."

He added: "We circularized the hotels—nobody registering as Martine Crackenthorpe anywhere. On receipt of your call from Paris, we checked up on Anna Stravinska—she was registered with other members of the company in a cheap hotel off Brook Green. She cleared out on the night of Thursday the nineteenth after the show. No further record. . . ."

Craddock nodded. He suggested a line of further inquiries, though he had little hope of success from them. Then, after some thought, he rang up Wilborne, Henderson and Carstairs, and asked for an appointment with Mr. Wilborne.

In due course he was ushered into a particularly airless room where Mr. Wilborne was sitting behind a large, old-fashioned desk covered with bundles of dusty-looking papers.

Mr. Wilborne eyed his visitor with the polite wariness characteristic of a family lawyer towards the police.

"What can I do for you, Inspector?"

Craddock pushed Martine's letter across the table. Mr. Wilborne touched it with a distasteful finger but did not pick it up. His colour rose very slightly and his lips tightened.

"Quite so," he said, "*quite* so. I received a letter from Miss Emma Crackenthorpe yesterday morning, informing me of her visit to Scotland Yard and of—ah—all the circumstances. I may say that I am at a loss to understand—quite at a loss—why I was not consulted about this letter at the time of its arrival. *Most* extraordinary! I should have been informed immediately. . . ."

Inspector Craddock repeated soothingly such platitudes as seemed best calculated to reduce Mr. Wilborne to an amenable frame of mind.

"I'd no idea that there was ever any question of Edmund's having married," said Mr. Wilborne in an injured voice. "I must say all this sounds very fishy to me—this coming forward after all these years, and claiming a marriage and a legitimate son. Very fishy indeed. What proofs had she got, I'd like to know?"

"Just so," said Craddock. "What would her position, or her son's position, be?"

"The idea was, I suppose, that she would get the Crackenthorpes to provide for her and for the boy."

"Yes, but what would she and the son be entitled to, legally speaking, if she could prove her claim?"

"Oh, I see." Mr. Wilborne picked up his spectacles which he had laid aside in his irritation, and put them on, staring through them at Inspector Craddock with shrewd attention. "Well, if she could prove that the boy was the son of Edmund Crackenthorpe, born in lawful wedlock, then the boy would be entitled to his share of Josiah Crackenthorpe's trust on the death of Luther Crackenthorpe. More than that, he'd inherit Rutherford Hall, since he's the son of the eldest son."

"Would anyone want to inherit the house?"

"To live in? I should say certainly not. But that estate, my dear Inspector, is worth a considerable amount of money."

"If Luther Crackenthorpe dies, I believe you told me that Cedric gets it?"

"He inherits the real estate—yes, as the eldest surviving son."

"Cedric Crackenthorpe, I have been given to understand, is not interested in money?"

Mr. Wilborne gave Craddock a cold stare. "Indeed? I am inclined, myself, to take statements of such a nature with what I might term a grain of salt. There are doubtless certain unworldly people who are indifferent to money. I myself have never met one."

"And what would be the position of Harold and Alfred Crackenthorpe?" Craddock asked.

"It would reduce their eventual inheritance. Edmund Crackenthorpe's son—always presuming there is a son—would be entitled to a fifth share of the trust money."

"That doesn't really seem a very serious loss?"

Mr. Wilborne gave him a shrewd glance. "It is a totally inadequate motive for murder, if that is what you mean."

"But I suppose they're both pretty hard up," Craddock murmured.

"Oh—so the police have been making inquiries? Yes, Alfred is almost incessantly in low water. Occasionally he is very flush of money for a short time, but it soon goes. Harold, as you seem to have discovered, is at present somewhat precariously situated."

"In spite of his appearance of financial prosperity?"

"Façade—all façade! Half these city concerns don't even know if they're solvent or not. But when the assets that are listed aren't really assets, when those assets are trembling on the brink of a crash—where are you?"

"Where, presumably, Harold Crackenthorpe is, in bad need of money."

"Well, he wouldn't have got it by strangling his late brother's widow," said Mr. Wilborne. "And nobody's murdered Luther Crackenthorpe, which is the only murder that would do the family any good. So really, Inspector, I don't quite see where your ideas are leading you."

The worst of it was, Inspector Craddock thought, he wasn't very sure himself.

To be continued next week

HABIT—2

The second half of a man's life is made up of nothing but the habits he has accumulated during the first half.

F. Dostoevsky

Toast

FOR THE DAY

Toast and marmalade at breakfast-time make a good start to any day—and an even better start when the toast is Hovis, the wheatgerm bread. Hot buttered Hovis—the very words make your mouth water. So don't just say brown, say Hovis.

Hovis is the slice of life

have some every day

"The ball's gone over"

They fight the sea for oil

Continued from page 15

tackling one of the world's toughest jobs. It demands all the resources of modern engineering and geophysical science, as well as brute strength, endurance and adaptability.

"Where we were working off the Qatar peninsula the summer sun temperature reached 180 degrees," says Thistlethwaite. "The temperature in the engine-room of our small exploration ships averaged about 130 degrees, and has reached 170." The European engineers kept the air conditioning at 85 degrees in their living quarters. "When they came off duty the contrast made them shiver although it was as hot as the hottest day of the year at home."

Oil surveyors can never say more than that there may be oil in a given area. "If the exploration results seem promising, as was the case in the Gulf, the next step is to drill test wells," says Thistlethwaite.

When work began on the marine drilling unit in January, 1954, steel erectors, hand picked for toughness, worked twelve hours a day. "At times the steel girders lying in the sun became so hot that they blistered the skin, and had to be dipped in the sea before they could be handled," says Thistlethwaite. Sharks prevented the men from swimming.

"If a man collapsed on the job, the foreman just threw a bucket of water over him and told him he could have his cards if the job was too tough. The man usually got up and got on with it. Only two men went back home."

By October the drilling unit was completed. Pontoons were towed 7,000 miles from Holland to Doha Bay.

"The risks which oil men accept in drilling new areas are intensified at sea. The greater the distance from land, the greater the hazard," says Thistlethwaite. "If there is a fire, or a severe storm, or a blow out, the helicopter can take only five men off at a time."

Marine drilling units cost between £750,000 and £1,500,000 to construct, according to design, and about £2,000 a day to operate. Almost every year one or more is lost. In 1949 two landing craft and an entire Shell rig were swallowed in a vast crater created by high pressure gas. In 1953 another company, Pure Oil, lost a rig in the Gulf of Mexico when a gas well blew out. The gas caught fire. The heat melted the steel of the derrick which collapsed into the sea. Next day the unit followed. The gas continued to burn through the sea for several days.

The hazards of moving these drilling units were emphasized on April 3 this year when Shell's unit Mr. Gus capsized in the Gulf of Mexico off the Texas coast. As preparations were being made to move it to a new drilling site, the legs on one side sank into the sea bed, giving the huge drilling platform a ten degree list. A sudden storm with fifteen-foot waves forced it over until it lay on its side on the sea bottom.

Less than two weeks later the drilling barge Mr. K was being towed to a sheltered location for repairs when a storm struck it near the mouth of the Mississippi. The barge capsized in twenty-eight feet of water. Nine of the fifteen crew aboard were drowned.

To overcome the problem of supplying a drilling unit with equipment during storms, a mile-long aerial ropeway was built off the coast of Borneo. The ropeway cost £100,000 and linked the platform to the shore. Equipment, supplies and personnel travel in special cars slung beneath the driver's cab.

The driving mechanism is on shore, and is operated from the driver's cab by radio. This was the first remote control ropeway in the world.

In 1930 it was estimated that there was sufficient oil for only eighteen years. It has been said recently that there is enough oil for only thirty years, but in fact new reserves are being found three times as fast as oil is being used. For the time being Shell's underwater operations in the Persian Gulf have been suspended, but a new drilling unit of improved design is being made in Holland. It will be ready next year.

As with other minerals, oil has been taken first from the sources where it was most easily and cheaply obtainable. As demand increases and the cheaper fields become exhausted, underwater oil will become more and more important. The huge investment will be repaid. That is why, in spite of the dangers, the vast expense and working conditions which test men to the last limits of their stamina, the search for underwater oil goes on all over the world. Even British waters are being explored. Early this year a survey was carried out a few miles off the holiday beaches of the South Coast.

THE END

HABIT—3

Talk about the slave of habit! The true galley-slave is the man who, because he is not the slave of habit, is always mislaying things and hunting for them.

Robert Lynd

Soecer's strong man defies the knocks

Continued from page 23

shares their off-duty activities. His main interest, apart from football, is trout fishing, a pastime which he can enjoy alone, and although he accepts the invitations to parties that are showered on the successful United side he is usually the first to leave.

Much of Edwards's avoidance of the social round—he rarely smokes or drinks—is because of his devotion to physical fitness.

When United moved to Blackpool for special preparation before the F.A. Cup Sixth Round last season, their first training session was scheduled for three in the afternoon.

Players visiting the training ground after lunch found Edwards already there. "He'd been hard at it for an hour," says Tom Curry, "going through his own set of physical jerks."

In spite of his vast diet of football last season, Edwards kept up his duties as a physical training instructor with his army unit, the R.A.O.C. depot at Nesscliff, Worcestershire. According to his colleagues there he still turned out most evenings for kick-about matches or head tennis in the unit gym.

Colonel Edward Orton, commandant of the depot, says that it was mainly Edwards's drive which won the R.A.O.C. football trophy for the unit.

Orton recalls that after appearing for England on the previous Saturday Edwards turned out for the depot in a mid-week game. Although he was playing in defence with his usual punch his side quickly fell behind 4-2.

Edwards moved to centre-forward. From there he shot five goals in thirteen minutes before returning to the defence to play out a 7-4 win.

Since John Charles left to play in Italy, Edwards is rated by many experts as one of the most versatile players in the country, as well as the most powerful.

With neat ball control for a big man, a hard shot from either foot and a good tactical sense he is potent in attack or defence.

He prefers to play at left-half—"It's a position where you can't be shut out of the game"—but he has played at inside-left for England and in all three inside-forward positions for Manchester United.

In the Cup Final last May he took over successfully at centre-half when an injury to goalkeeper Ray Wood caused a reshuffle in the Manchester side after only a few minutes' play.

And in a charity cup match against Manchester City a year ago he moved into goal when Wood was injured and brought off a number of saves.

Matt Busby, who has been responsible for Edwards's switches of position in the team, says that he would have no qualms about playing him anywhere.

"Unlike most youngsters he has no temperament at all about his game," Busby says. "So long as he's playing football he's quite happy."

Edwards won his place in the League side at sixteen and at that age was still eligible for the mid-week fixtures of the United youth team.

Busby was doubtful about his reactions to turning out with the junior side but says that he contributed as much as anyone to United's run in the youth cup.

On the rail journey to Bexleyheath to play Charlton's juniors one day, Bert Whalley, the United coach, offered Edwards the captaincy in place of the current leader, David Pegg, in view of his first team experience.

"After a few minutes' thought he came up to me and turned it down," says Whalley. "He said that as Pegg had done the job all season he ought to continue. And in the dressing-room afterwards he called for three cheers for Pegg, who had scored the winning goal."

Born in Dudley, Worcestershire, where his parents still live, Edwards was first picked for the town's schools' team at the age of eleven.

"He was an outstanding player," says Eric Booth, who was then secretary of the schools' football association. "Playing with boys of up to fifteen he kicked and tackled as hard as anyone."

Booth was also impressed with Edwards's natural grasp of football principles. He was picked at centre-forward, a position he had never played before, for his first representative game with England Juniors. Booth was worried and tried to prepare him with a blackboard tactics session. "He was a move ahead of me all the time."

In the same season Edwards graduated to the England Schoolboys' eleven and the following year was made captain of the team. When he passed the age limit he had collected a record total of nine caps.

Schoolmates recall that Edwards's only interest was in football—"You never saw him without a ball at his feet," says one—but before he joined United he had watched only one League match. His father says that he fidgeted all through and they left early so that he could join his friends in a scratch game.

United, however, had spotted Edwards at the age of twelve, and he joined their ground staff shortly before his sixteenth birthday.

AFTER a short spell sweeping the terraces and cleaning boots he was given a run-out in the League side and promptly became a fixture at left-half.

Capped for Young England the following year he has since become an automatic choice for the national side.

Although his confident manner and power play make him the butt of controversy on some grounds, his methods have been hailed as the answer to the obstructive tactics of many Continental teams.

In United's first match against Real Madrid the Manchester players were plagued by the Madrid inside-right, Mateos. The Spaniard went through the whole routine of shirt tugging and body checking.

His campaign culminated in a foul on Dave Pegg, the United's slimly built left-winger.

"The next time Mateos encountered Duncan he was flat on his back," says Pegg. "It was a perfectly fair shoulder charge but it kept Mateos quiet for the rest of the game."

Recently a United supporter spoke up in Edwards's defence. "He doesn't throw his weight about," he claimed. "He just distributes it where it will do the most good." THE END

THREE COMPLETE STORIES

Fifty-pound wife

by CLIVE BURNLEY

Children of the red desert

by LARRY FINN

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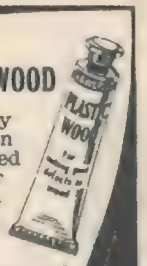

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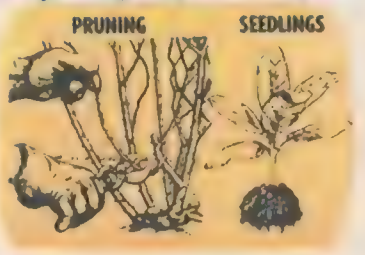

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A son for M'Lassa

continued from page 11

very ill. You take her there perhaps for baby——"

"I ought to throw you all overboard. . . ."

Mendoris waved his cigar towards M'Lassa as he addressed Wilson. "You've still got steam up, Captain. Wouldn't take you long. Seems the sensible thing to do."

Wilson was silent for a moment. Then with a shrug he said: "All right," and turned towards the wheelhouse.

Ten minutes later they were under way. There was the edge of a moon coming up over the trees on the far bank and the sky was brilliant with stars. M'Lassa had been sent into the bows to keep an eye open for drifting logs and Wilson had the wheel. Mendoris stood outside the open door of the wheelhouse, smoking.

A bend in the river suddenly opened up a long, straight stretch of water, and half a mile ahead of them Wilson could see the tall, slender black silhouette of the wooden bridge that spanned the Kuna carrying the railway line.

Wilson was still angry with M'Lassa, but he was also angry with himself. He felt that he himself should not have gone off the deep end so quickly.

Rosa was right. He was too fiery-tempered. Everyone knew it. That was why M'Lassa had been afraid to ask permission to bring his wife and her mother. He'd have given permission if he had been asked.

So absorbed was he in his thoughts that at first he did not hear Mendoris.

"Captain. . . ."

The word was repeated louder and Wilson looked sideways. Mendoris had come inside the tiny wheelhouse and one of his boys was standing close by the door. In his hand Mendoris held a gun.

"What the blazes!" roared Wilson.

Mendoris shook his head. "It's no good losing your temper with me, Captain. Just do as I say and you won't come to any trouble. When you get up to the bridge, bring the boat alongside the central wooden pier."

For a moment Wilson was tempted to swing round and go for the man, but the gun held at his back made him give up the idea. He turned back to the wheel and began to edge the Claribelle towards the centre pier of the bridge. With an angry calm in his voice, he said: "What's this all about?"

"The bridge," said Mendoris easily. "We're going to blow it up just as the train comes across." The gun was jabbed into Wilson's back as he made a sudden movement. "Just keep your eyes ahead on the bridge. When the train goes sky-high, with the future president aboard, and the fine royal lady who's out here for the Borami coming-of-age ceremony . . . well, I imagine Borami won't come of age so quickly. At least, not with the same people in power. There'll be a new lot—and they won't be awkward about manganese concessions, trade arrangements and so on."

The bridge loomed nearer and Wilson's hands tightened on the wheel. Manganese concessions, political assassination, the death of royalty. . . . But one thing was clearer than anything—Rosa. She would be on the train.

"Don't try anything funny," said Mendoris as the Claribelle eased in to the pier. "I shall be behind you."

For the next fifteen minutes there was nothing Wilson could do but watch and obey orders. Mendoris and his two boys had the whole thing planned. The Claribelle was tied up alongside the wooden pier and the two boys, with M'Lassa forced to help them, lifted some of the bales of Mendoris's cotton goods on to the flat pier base. A bow rope was tied to the pier and Wilson was instructed to let the Claribelle drift back on the current. As the boat dropped back, Mendoris's boys paid out the rope and with it a long length of wire cable which was attached to the explosive bales on the pier.

On the foredeck the native boys had brought out a plunger and were fixing the wire to it.

"One push on that as the train goes over," said Mendoris, "and the job's done."

"And afterwards?" asked Wilson.

"You put us ashore and never see us again. We've got nothing against you, Captain. Now come out slowly."

Covered by Mendoris and one of his boys, both with guns in their hands, Wilson came out of the wheelhouse. Two hundred yards away the bridge was black and tall against the sky. He thought of the piled explosives, of the firing plunger, and then of Rosa. . . .

As he was ushered into the afterhold, M'Lassa came forward. "Captain, why we do this? My wife very bad . . . going to be very bad birth. Why we don't go to settlement?"

"Keep your hair on, M'Lassa." Wilson put a hand on his arm. He turned to Mendoris in the doorway. "Is it all right if I have a look at her?"

"You can move about. But don't come near this door." Mendoris took a seat on a packing case by the door and one of his boys squatted on the floor by his side.

M'Lassa led Wilson to the far end of the hold. Behind a pile of sack-wrapped bales his wife lay on some blankets, her eyes shut. By her side squatted an old native woman, her face wrinkled, her eyes fierce and angry.

M'Lassa's wife gave a sudden cry and her body jerked.

"Settlement. Take her to settlement," said the old woman.

"This is Barata . . . mother-in-law," said M'Lassa, near to tears, his hands fluttering. "That Zuba, my wife. Why we not go to settlement, Captain?"

"Because Mendoris is a bad man," said Wilson. "But take it easy. Maybe I can do something."

"Bad man?" The old woman Barata looked sharply from Wilson towards Mendoris at the door.

"Yes," said Wilson. "But don't worry. Once I was nearly a doctor."

He waved M'Lassa and the old woman away, drew the blanket back from Zuba and began to examine her. She was very close to her time.

After a while he straightened up and went towards the door. Mendoris's gun came up, halting him.

"She's in trouble," said Wilson evenly. "If I don't try and help her she may die."

"So?"

"I need hot water and some rags or towels. There's plenty of hot water in the boiler. You'll only have to let M'Lassa or the old woman fetch it."

Mendoris was silent for a moment. He glanced at his watch and then said: "All right, Captain. You keep down that end. The old woman can fetch water."

Wilson made M'Lassa keep out of the way. The old woman, in between fetching him water from the engine-room, hovered around him, muttering to herself.

"Why bad man not let us go to settlement?" she asked once.

"Because he's going to blow up the bridge with the train on it. Going to kill royal person and president. Hold that light lower."

The minutes ran by. It was hot in the hold and the sweat poured from him. The presentation was a difficult one and he kept an anxious eye on Zuba. M'Lassa would be a broken man if he got a baby but lost a wife.

Lost a wife! Wilson suddenly realized that that was what was going to happen to him. He was going to lose Rosa. He cursed himself for not having married her years ago. She was right. He should have given up the river and gone into the hotel business. But he knew it too late. Now that he was going to lose her, he knew just how much he loved her.

Straightening up to mop his face and hands free of sweat, he saw that Mendoris had left the hold. His two boys stood guard and M'Lassa was on the far side of the hold, sitting on a bale with his head in his hands. If M'Lassa were any use, had any imagination, could jump to an emergency, Wilson thought, then he might take a chance.

He looked at his watch. If the train was on time, there were about fifteen minutes to go.

He turned back to Zuba. The minutes passed. Then, suddenly, in the dark, lantern-lit hold there was the cry of a baby. M'Lassa jumped to his feet. At the movement the two guards stood up, guns raised.

Wilson straightened up. "O.K., M'Lassa," he said, "you've got a son—and your wife will be all right."

Barata stood up. "I fetch fresh water for you to wash."

She picked up the old tin bowl they had been using and shuffled away to the door. As the guards let her through, Wilson heard the train. From far away, came a long, shrill whistle. She was blowing for the bridge. Sometimes the natives drove their cattle across it. Another five minutes. . . . He shut his eyes at the thought.

Behind him M'Lassa was squatting by his wife, talking to her.

Barata came back carrying the tin bowl, a towel looped over one arm. She placed the bowl on top of a packing case and stood by holding the towel.

As his hands went into the bowl, he felt something hard and metallic at the bottom. For a moment he was still. Then he saw Barata's eyes on him. In the bottom of the bowl was a heavy engine spanner.

Wilson took it in his right hand and, as he withdrew his hands, the old woman raised the towel for him, covering the spanner from the guards. He pretended to wipe his hands. The old woman had brought the spanner back in the water, right under the noses of the guards. She'd done her bit. Everything was up to him now.

The train whistled again, nearer now. It was a chance—a thin one, but he had to take it.

He moved away from the bowl, hiding the spanner at his side. Barata picked up the bowl and turned towards the door. She was a couple of paces from the guards when she suddenly swung the bowl forward and hurled it at one of them.

Wilson jumped towards the other. The man's hand came up with his gun in it but the heavy spanner crashed down on his skull before he could fire. He crumpled.

Wilson whirled on the other, who was standing stupidly shaking his head, water running over his face. The spanner slashed out and caught him on the side of the neck. As he fell, Barata gave a crow of pleasure and picked up his gun from the floor and Wilson grabbed it from her.

Outside the train whistled again, and now the thunder of its wheels on the rails could be clearly heard. Wilson dashed up the hold steps on to the deck. Forward he could see Mendoris standing a few yards from the plunger and in the act of moving towards it. Away to the right, through the trees beyond the bridge, the moving lights of the train snaked towards the river.

As he ran forward, Mendoris heard him coming. Wilson raised his gun and fired. Mendoris gave a cry and staggered to his knees on the deck. The plunger lever was a couple of feet from him. He reached out with his left hand as he fired back. The bullet whistled past Wilson's head.

From the bridge upstream came a high, enveloping whistle and the loud thunder of the train as it came on to the bridge.

Mendoris's hand came down towards the plunger. Wilson threw himself forward in a long tackle. They crashed together and went rolling across the deck. He got a hold round Mendoris's neck, forcing him down, and then raised his revolver and crashed it on the man's head. Mendoris gave a little grunt and lay still.

Behind Wilson, as he watched the train go over and thought of Rosa, came Barata's voice. "Captain, good man, fine man, not like everyone say. Nothing wrong with strong dog that barks loud. Not like M'Lassa, he got liver of a chicken. Royal lady thank you very much for saving life."

"Not the royal lady," Wilson said. "Another lady. . . ."

He and Rosa went to the christening of M'Lassa's son a few days later in Tandeko. As the two came out of the mission church, Wilson slipped his arm through Rosa's. She looked up at him and smiled.

"It's a fine boy," she said. "But what a string of names. Half a dozen English ones and then that long native name. What did that mean? My Hausa's not so good."

"It means, 'He who arrived in time to throw a spanner in the works.' The old lady insisted on that one. When he grows up we'll give him a job as house-boy in our hotel."

Wilson squeezed her arm affectionately.

THE END

WHY?

EARLIER this year Mr. Smith ordered a new car from a firm of dealers. But when it was delivered he refused to accept it, as he had bought himself another car elsewhere.

The dealers sued him for the loss of the £97 profit they would have made if he had bought their car. "But they sold it to someone else a few days after my client refused to take it," said Smith's counsel in court. "Therefore, they have suffered no loss and are not entitled to damages."

But the dealers won their case.

WHY? *A lawyer explains the judge's ruling on page 46*

HABIT—4

The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt till they are too strong to be broken.

Samuel Johnson

Dingo killer

Continued from page 16

a week," O'Halloran said. "Fifty more for each day less than that."

Barham gave a tight, derisive grin, savouring his answer. Two months before he had taken out a government lease on a smallholding thirty miles to the north and put up a rough slab cabin homestead. He had come to O'Halloran with the last of his capital and tried to buy some old animals from his famous stud. The old ones went cheap. But O'Halloran had rejected him. The O'Halloran bloodstock were aristocrats, he said, sold only to men who knew and valued sheep, not to itinerant dingo-hunters.

Barham had left the autocratic old man with a cold hatred in his mind against this sheep baron who branded his years of hardship as wastrel time....

"Two hundred's big money for a dogger," O'Halloran said impatiently.

Barham looked at O'Halloran. His lean young face was set and hard.

"I'll take one of your stud rams and twenty ewes," he said.

There was a silence. A cicada sang. Then O'Halloran roared: "The hell you will!"

"Please yourself," Barham said. "He's your killer. They're your sheep."

"Get out," O'Halloran said bitterly. "Get out—and don't come back. I refused to sell you sheep because I reckoned you were a no-good dogger. Now I know how right I was."

Barham moved towards his battered Land-Rover. He stopped and turned.

"In the channel country a while ago a pack killed a thousand sheep in one night," he said. "Maybe your dog's got some pals back in the hills, too. Maybe he's just scouting for them."

O'Halloran sizzled. Morgan O'Halloran said to Barham: "We'll pay your jackal price."

"Over my dead body," O'Halloran grated.

"Over your flock's dead bodies," Morgan said. She turned and put a hand on his arm. "Father, you have to accept. It's the only way."

"We've got men and guns," he said. "We'll get along."

"We need skill, too," she said tersely.

O'HALLORAN looked down at her and then over her head to traverse his domain. Barham could see pride battling common sense in his mind.

"You win," O'Halloran said at last, bitterly. "My daughter will take you to the kill. Come back here and tell me what you intend to do." He stamped quickly away to the house. . . .

"I'll go and change," Morgan O'Halloran told Barham coolly. "Can you bear to wait—or will that be an extra charge?"

Barham heard the door slam behind her, then sauntered to the shade of a big old pepper tree. He leaned against it and essayed a contemplation of O'Halloran's wealth in the hope that it might bolster his resolve.

The property stretched ten miles in all directions from the homestead; four hundred square miles of undulating plain. Twenty artesian bores provided summer water for the thirty thousand full-bodied Merinos O'Halloran had bred from selected bloodstock over forty years to fit this country's moods.

It was this stock that Barham had to get, or fail to make the grade.

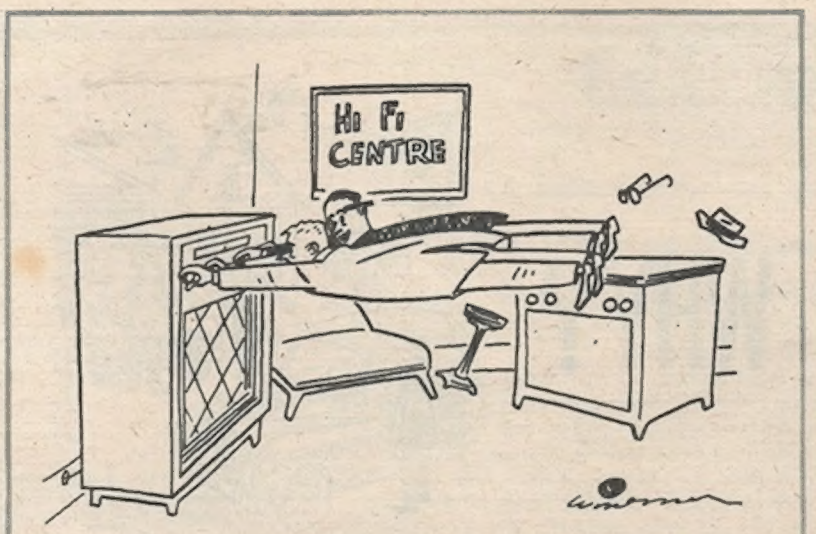
Then Morgan O'Halloran crossed the lawn and was standing at his side. She had changed into khaki slacks and shirt, with a green silk scarf knotted loosely about her throat.

"Father loves his sheep," she said quietly. "He doesn't just breed them."

Barham looked down at his strong, square hands long enough to master the awkwardness her presence had brought on. "And I'm different? Just a quick money-grabber, taking everything and giving nothing in return?"

"I didn't say that," she said. "I was just telling you so that you could understand Father's point of view."

They drove in silence across the plain until Barham halted the Land-Rover in the shade of a tree. While Morgan O'Halloran waited, he stalked out into the basting sun to where half a dozen of the station hands were skinning the carcases of the dingo's kill. He got down on hands and knees to scan the ground.



"Just notice that full, rich bass at full volume"

When he was nearly finished he saw O'Halloran drive up to the tree in a flurry of red dust, and a wry smile touched his lips. O'Halloran's anxiety had been too much for him. He hadn't been able to wait in feudal isolation after all.

O'Halloran stayed at the tree with his daughter, and Barham went on reading signs well after he had come to a decision. He did it purposely, just to let O'Halloran roast a little.

"He's a very big, very powerful dog," he said. "But we can get him. He's trap shy. He's lost three toes on his right foot. . . ."

"Let's have your plan," O'Halloran grunted impatiently.

"Firstly, the dog fence," Barham said. "Have you checked for breaks or gates left open?"

O'Halloran nodded. "There was a break near the ten-mile. An old white-anted tree fell across it."

"It's mended again?"

"Yeah," O'Halloran said sourly.

"Good," Barham said, ignoring the sourness. "We've got him bottled up, then. And his pals, if any, are outside." He paused for a moment, reflecting. "Have your men set traps at every water point except one. They'll keep him from drinking. I'll mount an ambush at the untrapped water point."

O'Halloran sat slumped, with his chin on his chest, weighing the proposition. He looked up, a weariness in his eyes. "All right," he said. "Go ahead."

"Good luck," Morgan O'Halloran said. "Even you must need it sometimes. . . ."

The dingo struck fleetingly that night, killing ten young wethers on a far pasture. He had already caught the whiff of danger. By the next day all the traps had been set, and Barham manned his ambush. He camped alone at the foot of high rocks overlooking the earth dam of the water point, eating dry rations, leaving only at noon to walk to a daily rendezvous with O'Halloran about half a mile distant.

O'Halloran briefed him on the killer's movements, telling him of new tracks near this and that water point, and of some abortive scratchings at the site of the mended break in the fence. All this told the story of a worried killer.

Then, on the third day, the dingo showed himself at the next water point. Thirst was making him careless.

"Don't rendezvous again," Barham said. "You might scare him off."

O'Halloran hauled a rifle from the Land-Rover. "I'm staying with you."

"I can handle this alone."

"Don't misunderstand me," O'Halloran growled. "I don't give a cuss about you—but two guns are better than one. I want to make sure of this dog."

They spent the afternoon in what shade they could find among the burning rocks, talking only in whispers when they talked at all, not daring to move more than was necessary to escape the arching sun.

Towards evening they shared a few dry biscuits and a tin of cold meat, all sluiced down with water from a canteen, and when darkness fell they sat back against the rocks, O'Halloran nursing a flashlight until the full, bright moon climbed up.

They sat there with their rifles cradled, their eyes and ears strainingly alert; and, as the night grew older, Barham got a tingling feeling that they were no longer alone. But he could see nothing except the moon and stars.

Dawn found them tired-eyed from watching moonlight, and Barham wondered if his instinct had played him false. But then he saw a movement in the high, dry grass a hundred yards out from the dam.

He leaned behind O'Halloran and pointed. "There," he breathed. "He's in there."

O'Halloran whispered: "I'll fire to flush him out. Get him as he runs."

Barham shook his head. "It's a risky shot. He was cheeky yesterday. He'll be cheekier today."

So they waited, tense and silent.

Two hours they waited, but there was no movement in the grass.

"We'll lose him," O'Halloran whispered hoarsely. "He must know we're here. He'll wait round till tonight till the dark before the moon comes up."

"We've got the flashlight," Barham said.

"Oh, sure—if we hear him—and we won't know he knows we're waiting. He must be half-crazy. If he gets that drink, there'll be a massacre."

"He's crazy all right."

"Here's what we're going to do, then," O'Halloran said grimly. "He'll be full of hate, so we'll give him his chance to get revenge. I'll walk down to the dam, unarmed. If he comes out after me, you plug him."

Barham looked quietly at his companion. O'Halloran must be half-crazy himself to suggest offering his body as living bait to a mad, fighting dingo.

He shook his head. "The risk's too great."

O'Halloran said hoarsely: "To hell with the risk."

Barham took another look at O'Halloran whose face, in profile, was like red sandstone carved by some desert wind. Involuntarily, he said: "I'll go. You stay here with the rifle."

"Don't be a damned fool," O'Halloran grunted. "My eyes aren't good enough for snap-shooting."

Before Barham could stop him, he scrambled to his feet and stepped out of the shadow of the rocks into the blazing sun. Barham could not help a feeling of admiration at the man's courage.

He remembered too what Morgan O'Halloran had said about O'Halloran. "Father loves his sheep. You have to understand that."

Well, now he did understand. And it changed a lot of things.

He settled down, the rifle stock against his cheek, his finger on the trigger and his eyes scanning the grass for movement. A fear lay stabbing like a burr right in the middle of his stomach. He had only to miss once, and it would be too late. The dingo would drive for the belly, and no second shot would be in time to save Dan O'Halloran.

O'Halloran was sauntering along the bare earth margin of the dam and Barham carefully took up his trigger's first pressure. But nothing happened.

SOMETHING was wrong. Barham's instinct screeched it aloud. The dingo just had to attack, and the attack was overdue. Or was he, perhaps, circling far out in the grass to come in from another angle?

Barham had no way of signalling without betraying his position. He decided that if O'Halloran turned and moved he would go after him . . . fast.

Then O'Halloran stopped and was staring up at the rock behind Barham, shielding his eyes with a hand to see into the sun. The hand dropped. He began to run. "Barham!" he yelled. "Barham . . . look up . . . up. . . ."

His lightning response to O'Halloran's warning just saved him. The dingo hurtled past with a whoof of stinking air, dug its nose into the ground and cartwheeled in a snarling, squirming confusion of legs and snapping jaws. Barham shot from the ground by feel, but at ten feet he could hardly miss.

The bullet smacked into the dingo's side and it made a jack-knife leap. Barham jumped up quickly as the brute swung to meet him, and was momentarily appalled by the raging madness, the hatred, in its eyes.

He aimed this time, fired, and leaped aside as the dingo charged. But it was over. The bullet had crashed into the massive skull, right between the eyes. The dingo sagged, slithered a few feet with the momentum of his charge, then lay still. Barham pumped in another shot just to make sure.

O'Halloran came forward slowly. He said, breathing hard: "He nearly got us both—the cunning swine."

Barham looked down at the shapeless bag of mangy fur, noting the power of the haunches and the shoulders, the savagery of the jaws. He said: "I told you he'd be tough." He gave a short laugh, unsteady from reaction. "But I didn't reckon he knew tactics."

"You've earned those sheep," O'Halloran said. "And more."

"I'm not taking them."

"Why?" O'Halloran's chin thrust forward.

"I'm a sheepman, not a dingo hunter," Barham said. "If you've any stock to spare, I'll buy."

The deep-set lines in O'Halloran's face began to move. He grinned. "You're a lousy dingo hunter, and that's for sure." Then he ironed out the grin. "You must be a sheepman," he went on gruffly. "Only one of us would be silly enough to let a dingo jump him from behind."

"Or offer himself as live bait."

O'Halloran snorted. "You offered, too, as I remember."

They stood facing each other, silent for a moment against the backdrop of the heat-hazed yellow plain.

Then O'Halloran said: "I'm hungry. Let's go have some food and talk about your sheep." He clapped an arm around Barham's shoulders. "That girl of mine can cook the best darn meal you ever ate." THE END

WHY?

See page 45

BECAUSE, said the judge, if Mr. Smith had not broken his contract, the dealers would have made two lots of profit—not one. They would have made their profit on the sale to Mr. Smith and on the subsequent sale of another car to the second customer. (But the dealers might have lost if demand had exceeded supply and they happened to have more customers than cars. In those circumstances they would have been able to sell only the one car—however many customers they had for it.)

(*This ruling is based on actual cases.*)

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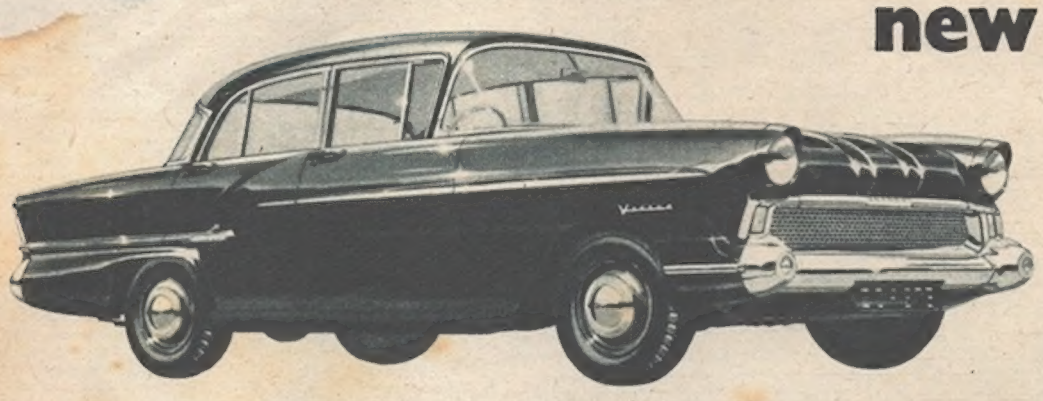

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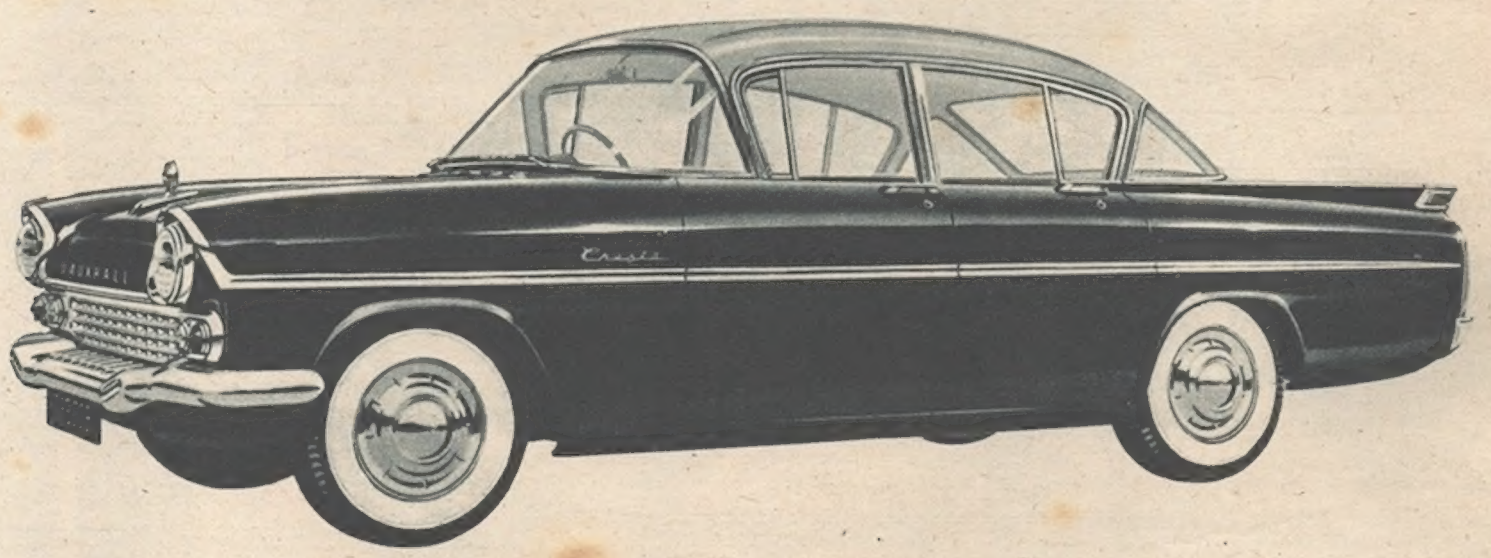

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